Swami, how I love ya, how I love ya, my dear ol' Swami

MAD

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No. 121 Sept. '68

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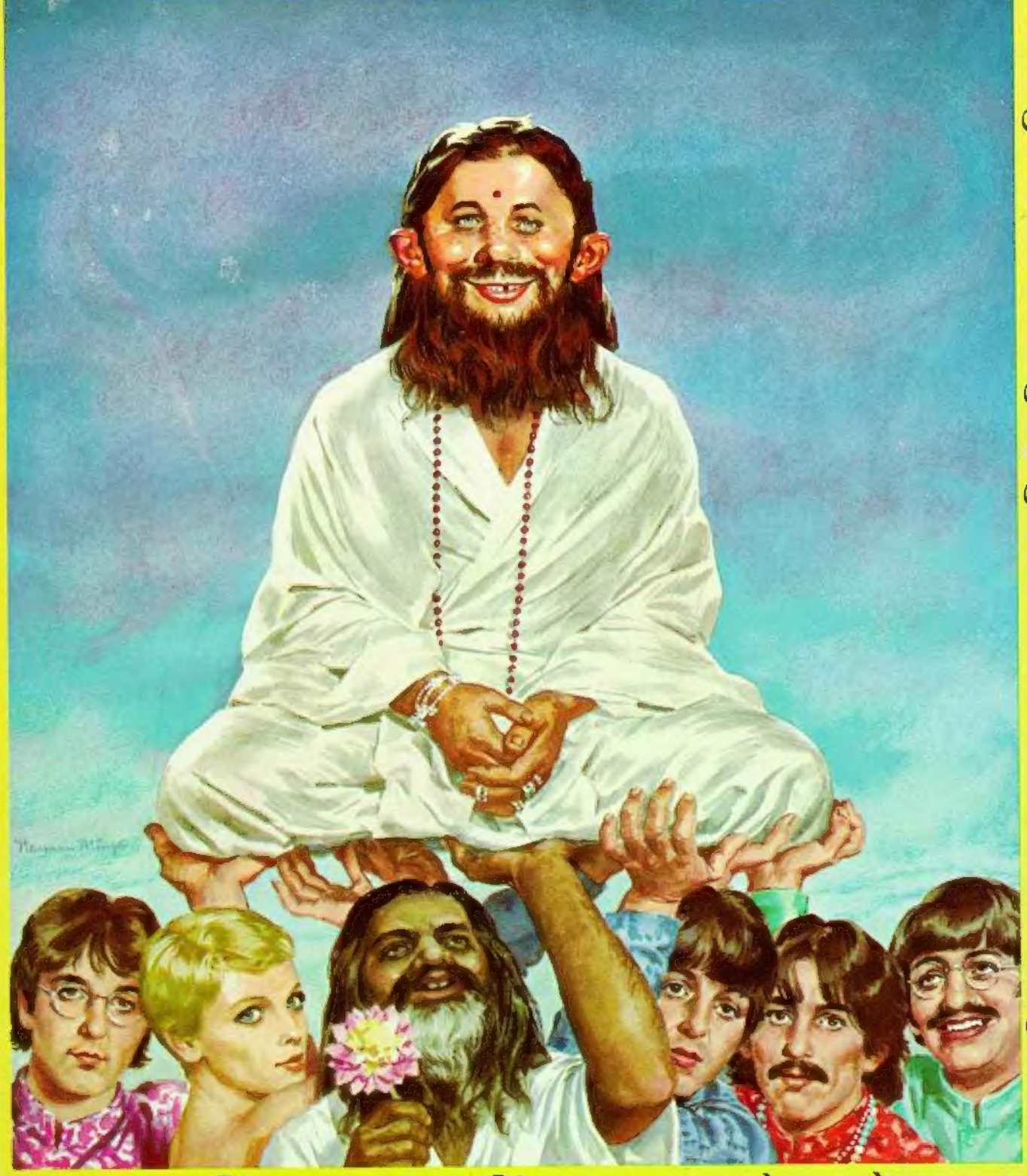

Swami, how I love ya, how I love ya, my dear ol' Swami

Swami, how I love ya, how I love ya, my dear ol' Swami, how I love ya, how

Swami, how I love ya, how I love ya, my dear ol' Swami, how I love ya, how

A JULY 4TH SALUTE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

NUMBER 121 SEPTEMBER 1968

MAD

"Familiarity breeds attempt!" — Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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LOOKING FOR THE LATEST MAD?

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LETTERS DEPT.

BALMY AND CLOD

Until reading your latest issue, I could see no excuse for the existence of "Bonnie and Clyde." But, as the basis of your parody, the movie has earned its keep. By exposing with hilarious and devastating precision the essential phoniness of the film, you have produced satire which Jonathan Swift might envy.

Bill Uzzle
Raleigh, N.C.

How you had the nerve to ridicule a movie that was so superbly acted, directed, and written, I do not know.

Tom Dyjor
Canoga Park, Calif.

Your satire of "B & C" deserves special praise. It was an extremely frank, clever, and effective cut against a movie which tries to make heroes out of a couple of murderers.

Mike Finley
Tulsa, Oklahoma

After seeing this excellent portrayal of two legendary characters, I was almost inspired to go out and rob and shoot a bit myself. After reading your poor attempt of a satire, I was equally inspired to go out and shoot and rob a few MAD staff members . . . mainly, of their shortcomings. Better luck next time!

Alan Saville
Boulder, Colo.

Your satire was "Balmy" . . . and you guys are "Clods"!

Bruce R. Mandes
Willow Grove, Pa.

Do you think that if I got a broad and went around stealing investors' life savings and murdering people I'd be worshipped as a hero, too?

David Vine
Barrington, N.J.

Could be you'd wind up being planted in the "Garden State", David!—Ed.

WHAT IS A SQUARE

What is wrong with a guy throwing a Bachelor Party at a McDonald's Hamburger Stand? The employees of our local McDonald's unit think it's a pretty good idea. Next time *you* throw a Bachelor Party, come to *our* unit . . . and we'll even give you *free hats*. Can you beat that?

Andrew Hashley
Assistant Manager
McDonald's-Division Ave., Inc.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Anything would taste better than those hamburgers!—Ed.

In doing a little research on the unlawful pair, I saw many pictures of the *real* Bonnie and Clyde. I noticed their incredible likenesses drawn above the main title in your article. Again MAD comes through with authenticity. Three cheers for Mort Drucker!

Donna Fletcher
Columbia, Mo.

Incredible Likeness?

You guys shot me full of laughs with "Balmy & Clod." Then you bashed my brains in with the truth contained in the last page!

Eleanor Clough
Tolland, Conn.

Nazi Germany was a symbol of power and domination of the masses. Bonnie and Clyde were the product of the depressed masses rising *against* the powers that be. Your parallel is illogical, misrepresentative, and foolish.

D. Barry Schmitt
Lima, Ohio

The original Bonnie and Clyde were a pair of petty, vicious, sadistic killers. Why would anyone want to glorify two such people? Crime movies dealing with such gangsters as Al Capone, Baby Face Nelson, John Dillinger, etc., always make money. MAD always seems to recognize the unvarnished truth. Just keep socking it to me!

Anne Worthy
Seguin, Texas

FAMOUS PROTEST BUTTONS

"Some Famous Protest Buttons" was one of the funniest articles in years! You forgot to include one of my favorite buttons . . ."Amy Vanderbilt spits in the shower!" Who could you pin that on?

Mike Horton
Detroit, Mich.

Your "Famous Protest Buttons" article was the most disgusting thing I've ever read. And the worst part of it was: I enjoyed every second of it!

Roy Jarbeaux
Corpus Christi, Texas

VIVA SERGIO ARAGONES

I am nominating Sergio Aragonés for: "The Most Outstanding Marginal Thinking by an Artist in a Regular, Continuing, Drawn-out, Dramatic Magazine Department"!

Craig Wilson
Mount Hermon, Calif.

I have been reading MAD for a long time now and I have never seen a letter of appreciation to Sergio Aragonés. So, here it is! *I* appreciate your work, Sergio, so keep it up. (For the readers who don't know, Sergio does the "DRAWN-OUT DRAMAS" scattered all over the magazine.)

David Perez
Hialeah, Fla.

Our expression of appreciation to Sergio for his fine "all-around work" in MAD was to have him do his own book. Cast your eyes right to his all-new "Viva MAD."—Ed.

PRICE RISE

Why don't you do a satire on one of today's most serious runaway inflationary trends—mainly the price of MAD.

Marvin Adler
Massapequa Park, N.Y.

I see MAD is now 35¢. I realize that the New York City Sanitation Men recently received a wage increase, but I never expected the price of garbage to go up accordingly.

Laurence Halpern
Flushing, N.Y.

I hope this rise in price DOESN'T mean a corresponding rise in quality!

Jeff Durrel
Washington, D.C.

It's not "Highway Robbery" . . . it's "Grand Theft"!

Ed Jordan
Glenolden, Pa.

Why don't you guys bow to the powers that be, succumb to the Establishment, and accept advertising? Then you wouldn't have to raise your price to cover rising publishing costs?

Donald Hicks
Chicago, Ill.

We'd rather DIE!—Ed.

OUTSIDE PITCH

I read every issue of your magazine cover to cover . . . Nothing in between! Just the covers!

Harry Plewa
Jamaica, N.Y.

Please address all correspondence to:
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OUR MEXICAN MADMAN

SERGIO ARAGONÉS

SWITCHES FROM "OLE-MARGINALS" TO THE MORE EXPENSIVE SPREAD

. . . mainly to his own

MAD

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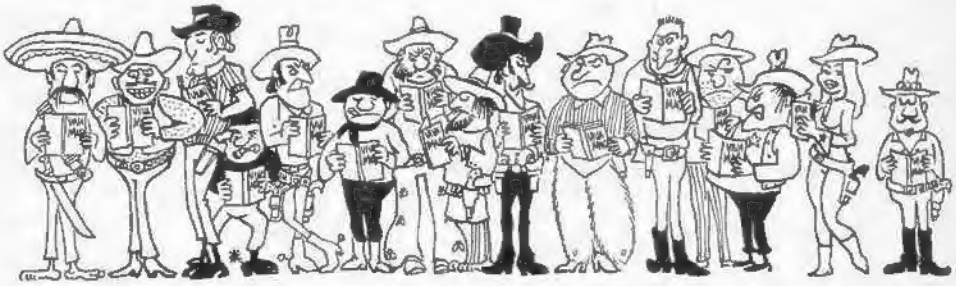

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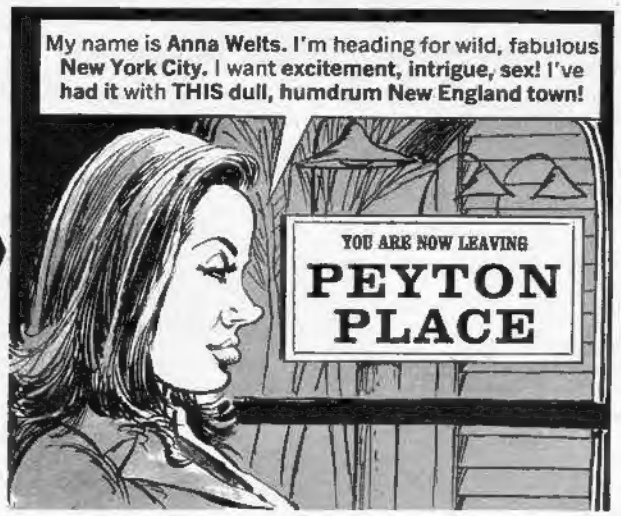
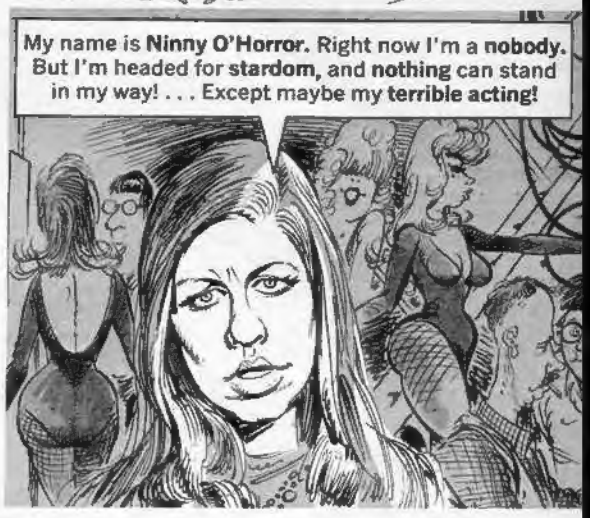
METHEDRINE-ACTING DEPT.

YOU READ THE BOOK! YOU SAW THE MOVIE! NOW ENJOY THIS MAD SATIRE... IT'S ALMOST AS FUNNY!





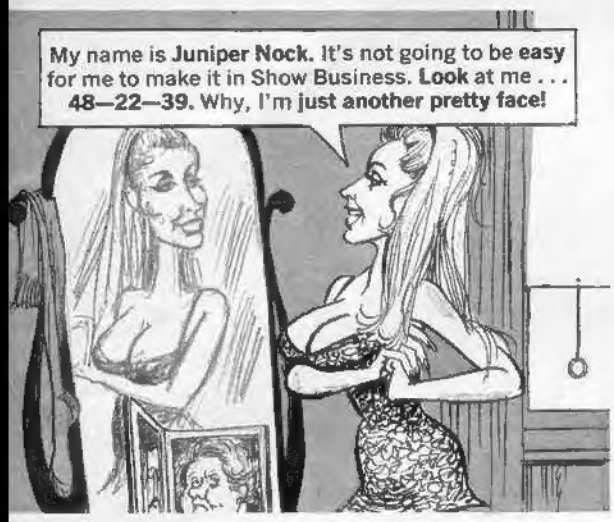
VALLEY OF T

?

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN CHARACTERS IN THIS FILM AND ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, IS RATHER REMOTE— BUT TRY TO GUESS WHO THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ANYWAY! IT'LL TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THE RIDICULOUS PLOT!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

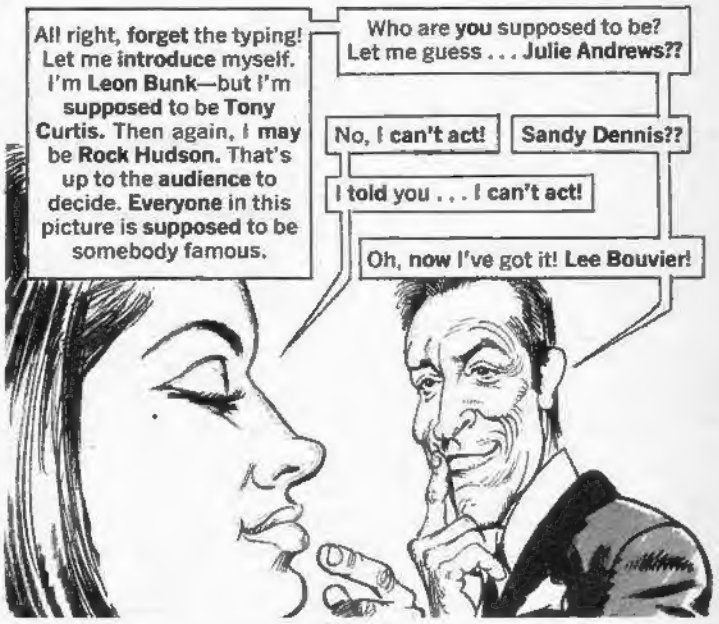

My name is **Juniper Nock.** It's not going to be **easy** for me to make it in Show Business. **Look** at me . . . **48—22—39.** Why, I'm **just another pretty face!**

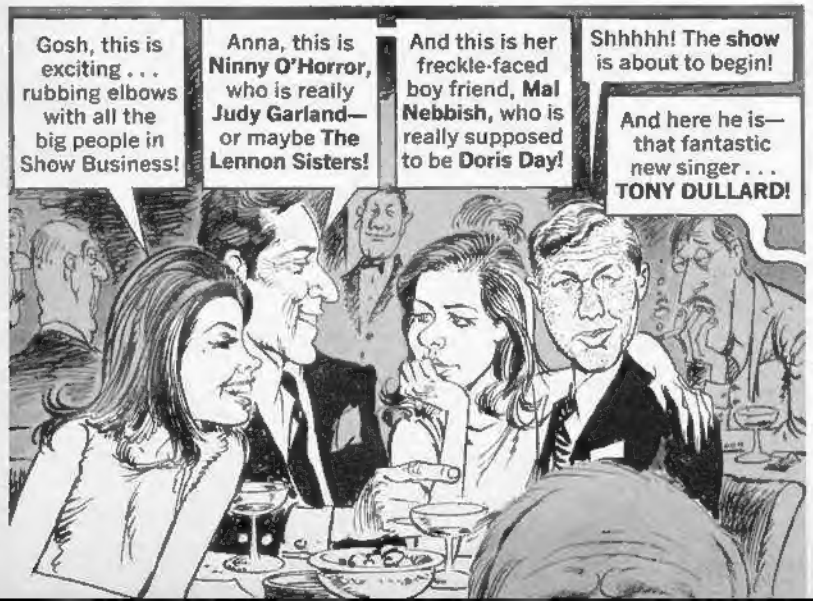
My name is **Jackpot Suzanne.** I play a **reporter** in this picture. It's a **"bit" part,** but I get a **fabulous fee** for it. I also **wrote** the original best-seller this movie is **based on.** I made a **bundle** on the **hard-cover edition,** a **mint** on the **paperback,** and a **fortune** on the **movie rights.** In fact, I'd say I'm rolling in the—
BLESS LONG JOHN

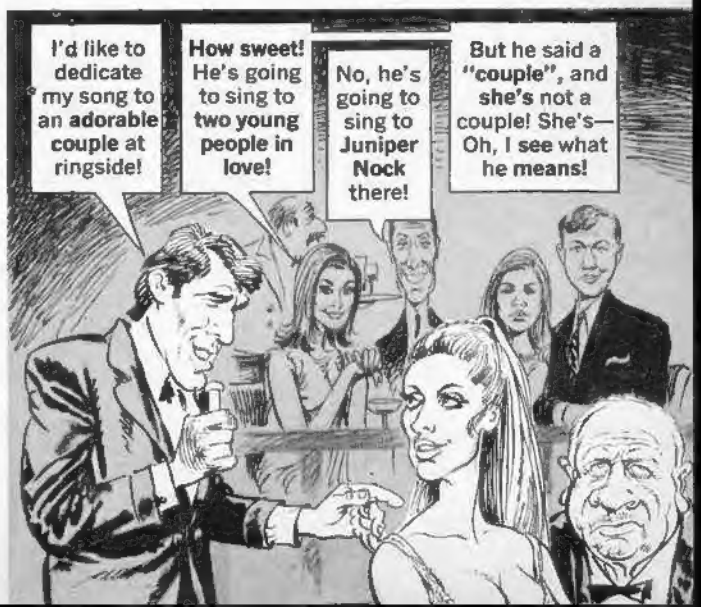
GOD IS DEAD

HE DOLLARS

Okay, baby—you **want** to work for me, you'll have to show me what you've got! **Take 'em off . . . !**
What?! B-but I—I hardly **know** you!
C'mon! C'mon! Take 'em off and **let's see what you can do!**
But I was **saving that** for the **man I love!**
Look . . . if you **don't** take your **gloves** off, how do I know you can **type?**


All right, **forget** the typing! Let me **introduce** myself. I'm **Leon Bunk**—but I'm **supposed** to be **Tony Curtis.** Then again, I **may** be **Rock Hudson.** That's up to the **audience** to decide. **Everyone** in this picture is **supposed** to be somebody famous.
Who are **you** supposed to be? Let me guess . . . **Julie Andrews??**
No, I **can't act!**
Sandy Dennis??
I **told** you . . . I **can't act!**
Oh, **now** I've got it! **Lee Bouvier!**


Gosh, this is exciting . . . rubbing elbows with all the big people in Show Business!
Anna, this is **Ninny O'Horror,** who is really **Judy Garland**—or maybe **The Lennon Sisters!**
And this is her freckle-faced boy friend, **Mal Nebbish,** who is really supposed to be **Doris Day!**
Shhhhh! The **show** is about to begin!
And here he is—that fantastic new singer . . . **TONY DULLARD!**


I'd like to dedicate my song to an **adorable couple** at ringside!
How sweet! He's going to sing to **two young people in love!**
No, he's going to sing to **Juniper Nock** there!
But he said a **"couple",** and **she's** not a couple! She's—Oh, I **see** what he **means!**

How about, Anna?
How about what, Leon?
You mean—?
Okay, I'll do it!
Yes, I'll take off my gloves!
You know!
That's what I mean!
You will?!
That's not what I mean!

Why is it getting dark in here?
It's an "Arty" effect! The dirtier the scene, the darker the screen!

But I thought this was a "Family Picture"!
It is! For Frank Sinatra's family! Richard Burton's family! Hugh Hefner's family—

You're weak, and you're going nowhere, Mal! While me—I'm strong and headed for Hollywood and stardom! I really don't know why I married you!
A woman needs a man, Ninny . . . and you married me because you need me! You need me to cook for you and clean for you and iron your dainty things for you!

Tony, we can't go on meeting like this!
Why not . . . ?
I don't know! It's the thing to say in these scenes! Actually, I love these meetings in the park!
HYDRANT
TREES

HELP! I'M BEING ATTACKED!
You'll never marry Tony!
Oh, nuts! It's my sister, Mimi! I was hoping it was a mugger!

I can't marry you, Juniper! It's my sister!
You mean she won't give you a divorce?
Don't be ridiculous! That's NOT what I mean!
Well . . . in THIS picture—who knows!?
I'll explain it all to you later in a scene that's even sicker than this one!

Things are really happening fast. I'm a famous TV model now. Juniper and Tony are married and acting in movies. And Ninny is a famous Hollywood star! What about you, Leon?
Well, I'm semi-literate, I talk in clichés, and I'm sick.
So what are you going to do?
Write a SEX NOVEL! What else am I equipped for?!

Excuse me . . . is Ninny O'Horror, the big Hollywood star, at home?
Madame will be right down . . .
MAL! What's happened to you . . . and Ninny?
The magic is gone from our marriage, Anna! Also—my pants!
Ninny has changed. She's impossible. She drinks, she smokes pot, she fools around with other men . . .
There goes another Butler! She also KILLS!
What was that shot?!
But worst of all, she takes pills! Day and night, pills—pills—pills! There's nothing but pills in this house!
Oh, excuse me! May I offer you something . . . ? A phenobarbital sandwich . . . ?
Some potato chips with a Benzedrine dip?
No, thank you.
Hi, Anna! How do you like my fabulous house! It's completely decorated in pills. Some decor, huh? Sort of . . . Early Bufferin!
Very interesting! Who does your decorating?
Parke-Davis!
I can't stand it anymore, Ninny! Success has ruined you! You're no good! Look what you've done to me! I'm leaving you . . . and I'M keeping the baby!!
A baby?! Ninny, you didn't tell me!
Yes, Mal's in his third month! HE doesn't believe in pills!
Juniper, there's something I must tell you! Tony is an idiot!
Big deal! I know that! Tell me something NEW!
No, you don't understand! Tony is a REAL idiot! His brain is deteriorating! That's why I didn't want you to marry him! Oh, Juniper, what can Tony do without a brain?
I hear Leon is writing a SEX NOVEL! Maybe he can use a collaborator?!

It's terrible, doctor. One catastrophe after another. All my friends in Show Biz are meeting with disaster . . . and I don't even know what's become of them!

That is why I summoned you to this sanitarium, Miss Welts! I have a surprise for you in the next room!

DR. NO

Why it's the WHOLE GANG! Gee, it's so great to see you all again! Now tell me your afflictions—one at a time . . .

Sure thing, Anna! I have cancer, beri-beri, the gout, and a bad case of morning mouth!

I've got pill-poisoning, food-poisoning, drink-poisoning, and a broken baby tooth!

I've got a paranoid-schizophrenic-sado-masochistic-Oedipus-Electra complex . . . compounded by an infected hickey!

I've got woman's problems!

And now, we've got a special surprise for you, Anna . . . We'd like to bring on the sickest one of us all . . .

Here he is—that former star of stage, screen and TV . . . and now a swinging vegetable . . . Tony Dullard!

Wheel right in, Tony, baby . . . and we'll do a duet! Remember this song . . .

Come swing with me . . . Come swing with me . . .

Come swing with me . . . And be a thing with me . . .

Ga-gucck . . . Gumble-gug-gug—Goop-ga-glurkk . . . Gaacck-shlurrp—

CUT!! THAT'S A TAKE! PRINT IT!

Hold it, everybody! Before we continue shooting the picture, I'd like to present Mr. Jack Valencia, head of the Motion Picture Association, who wants to say a few words to us . . .

Thank you. I merely wanted to say that the scene you've just finished represents the most tasteless moment in the history of the motion picture. But that's what SELLS movies nowadays . . . so keep up the great work!!

Thank you, Mr. Valencia! Okay, everybody—what do you say? Are we gonna top that last scene? You bet we are!! GET READY FOR THE POWDER ROOM SCENE!!

I'm Jackpot Suzanne, author of the book on which this movie is based. I believe I do a "bit" part as a reporter in this scene!

That's right! Can you act, Miss Suzanne?

I can act as well as I can write!

That's what I was afraid of! Okay—let's go!

All right, everybody! This is the big scene where **Ninny** has her fight with **fading stage star, Ellen Lowsey.** The fight ends with Ninny grabbing Ellen's **wig** off her head and throwing it into the **John.** It's all very symbolic!

Okay, ready . . .

Lights!

Cameras!

Action . . .

BIG SCENE TAKE #1

That's it! That's it! Knock her down . . .

That's it! Now grab her wig and throw it in!

Hold it! Hold it!

CUT!!

Wh-what HAPPENED?!

Well, I grabbed a wig—only it was the wrong woman's wig!

You mean you threw Miss Suzanne's wig in there? ! ?

Yes—only she wasn't WEARING a wig!!

Hurry! Hurry! Maybe we can still save her!

I'm afraid it's too late!

You mean—?

Yes! I—I flushed it! She's—she's GONE!

Ladies and gentlemen—what has just happened is a **terrible thing.** But somehow I feel that if she **HAD** to go, this is the way Miss Jackpot Suzanne would have **WANTED** to go!

ROGER!

Amen!

Wait a minute! I see a slip of **paper** floating around in there!

It's a message from Miss Suzanne . . . from **beyond the pipes!**

What does it **say?**

It says, "Tell them if they think **this** movie was sickening, wait till they see the **SEQUEL**"!

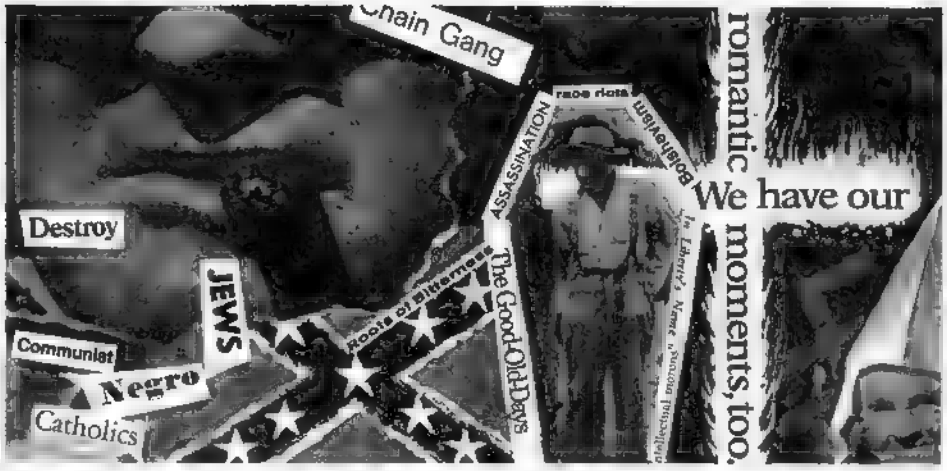
INITIAL DOSAGE DEPT.

The dawn of the "Dope Age" is upon us. Everybody is "turning on." Yes, we said EVERYONE! While hard-core "Hippies" are turning on, using wild

EVERYDAY VARIETIES

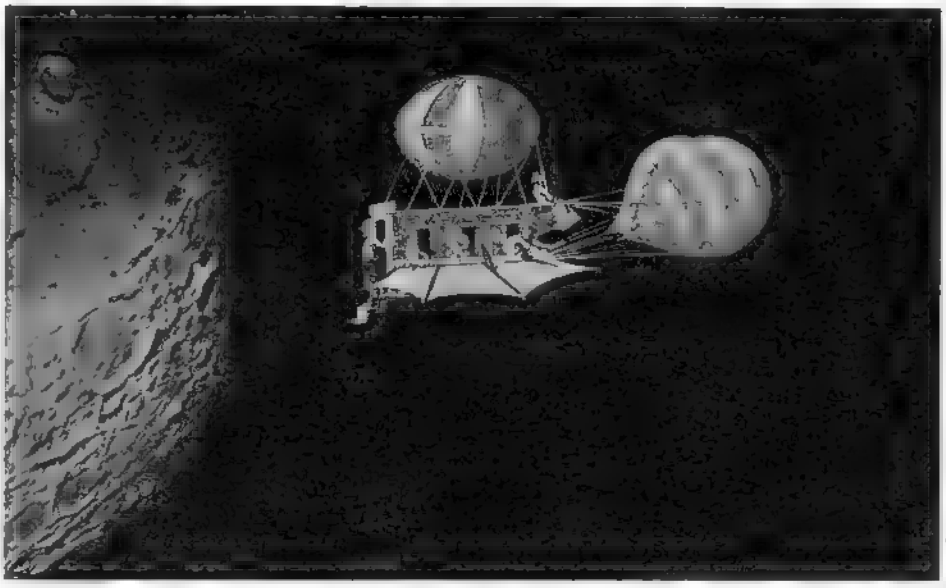
KKK

This extremely difficult-to-swallow cross-shaped pill seems to arrest mental development and induce pyromania, transvestism, and a red neck. Users are particularly sensitive to color, and have strong aversions to all foreign objects. Devotees like to congregate in Southern swamps before taking their mind-blowing "trips".



NASA

A fantastically expensive drug that produces some of the longest trips known to psychedelia. Large groups of devotees must band together to send a single user on a trip. He in turn relates his experiences to the group when he returns. Developers of this type of drug are involved in a heated international competition to produce even more powerful stimulants — the object, apparently, to see which group can send their users on the most "far-out trips".



UFO

A large saucer-shaped pill that first turned up on the West Coast, and has since defied chemical analysis. The drug apparently works through direct stimulation of the optic nerves. User merely observes pill, then lapses into psychotic fantasies about alien beings from outer space. Several devotees of the drug have even related experiences of being swallowed by the pill itself.

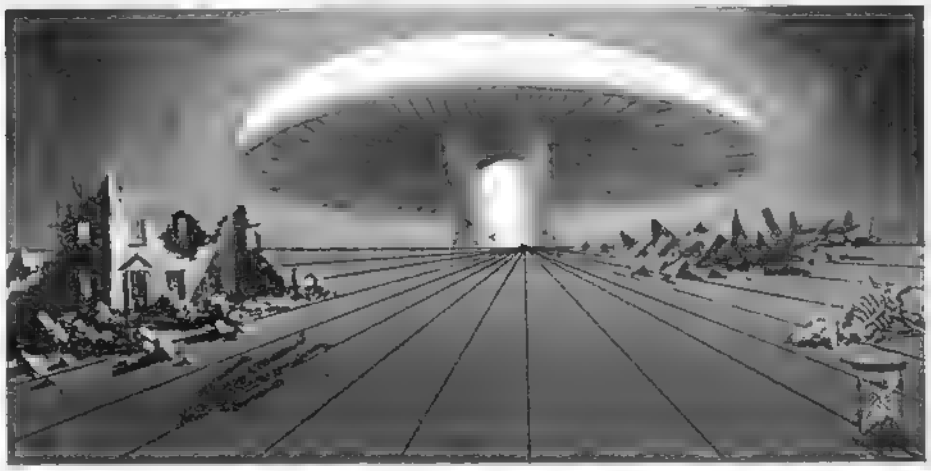
new psychedelic drugs with strange names made up of initials—like DMT, LSD, STP and SJ, us plain ordinary "Squares" are turning on with . . .

OF PSYCHEDELIC FUN

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: MARK BRICKLIN

SAC

A powerful drug which has been kept simmering on the stove for possible use in some future moment of extreme anxiety, this pill is rumored to be capable of producing a quick and awesome high. However, so far, there are no case histories of its actual use, and some cynics have claimed that the taking of SAC would be sheer suicide.

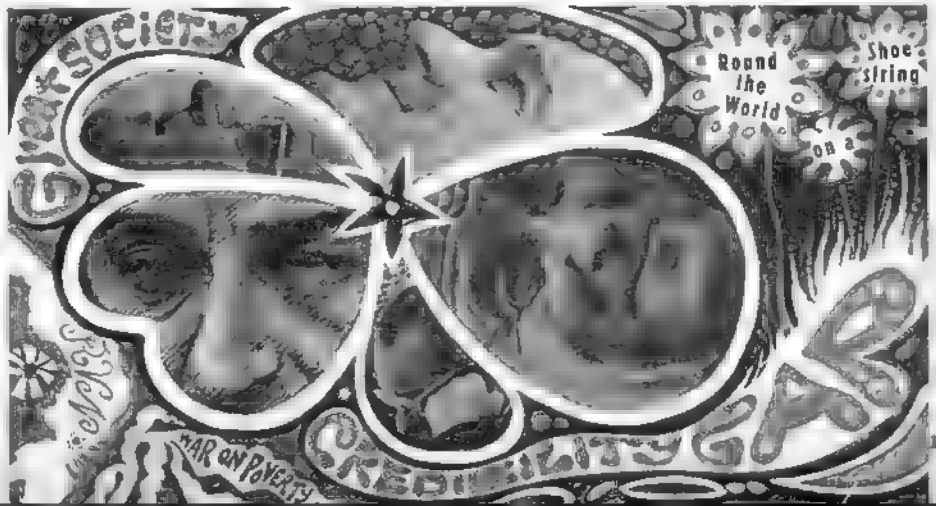


CIA

The appearance and effects of this drug are classified information, and its true structure cannot be broken down under analysis. It seems to be most effective when working in devious ways throughout the system. But its actions are known to be uncontrollable. Its users, whose identities are kept Top Secret, appear to feel that they are not answerable to anyone, and can behave in any way they see fit with perfect immunity. One group using this drug suffered fatal results while tripping in the Bay of Pigs area.

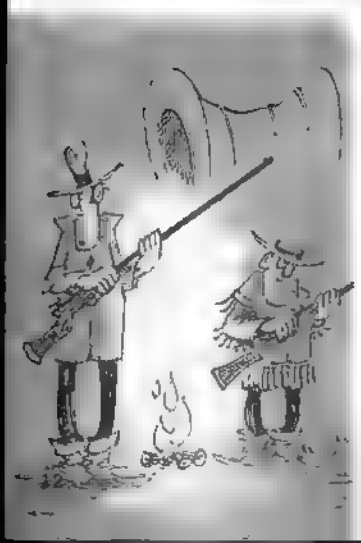
LBJ

This dangerous drug came into use after the untimely discontinuance of the more superior JFK. Regular users found they could suddenly bridge "credibility gaps" and flounder in euphoria, believing that all was well while things were actually decaying around them. Happily, LBJ is being withdrawn from the market, since continued use can lead to nausea and an ultimate switch to even worse GOP drug.

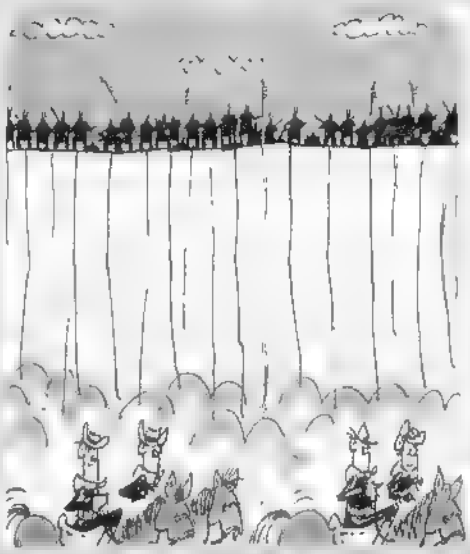


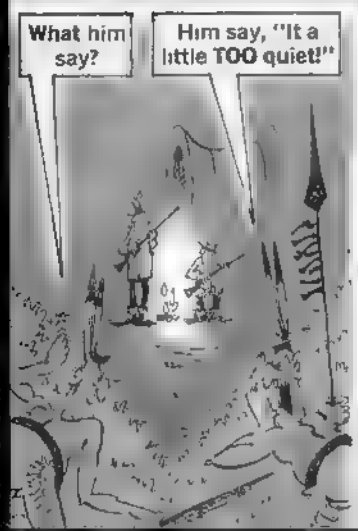
FORKED TONGUE-IN-CHEEK DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOO



KS AT ALL THEM INDIANS

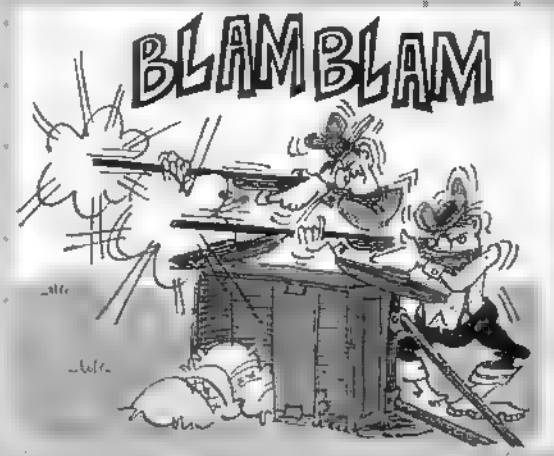




WEEHAAH WEEHAAH YIP-YIP-YIP WEEHAAH

KAHEEEE KAHEEEEE YOWYOWYOW WEEHAAH

WEEHAAH WEEHAAH WOOPWOOPWOOP YIP-YIP

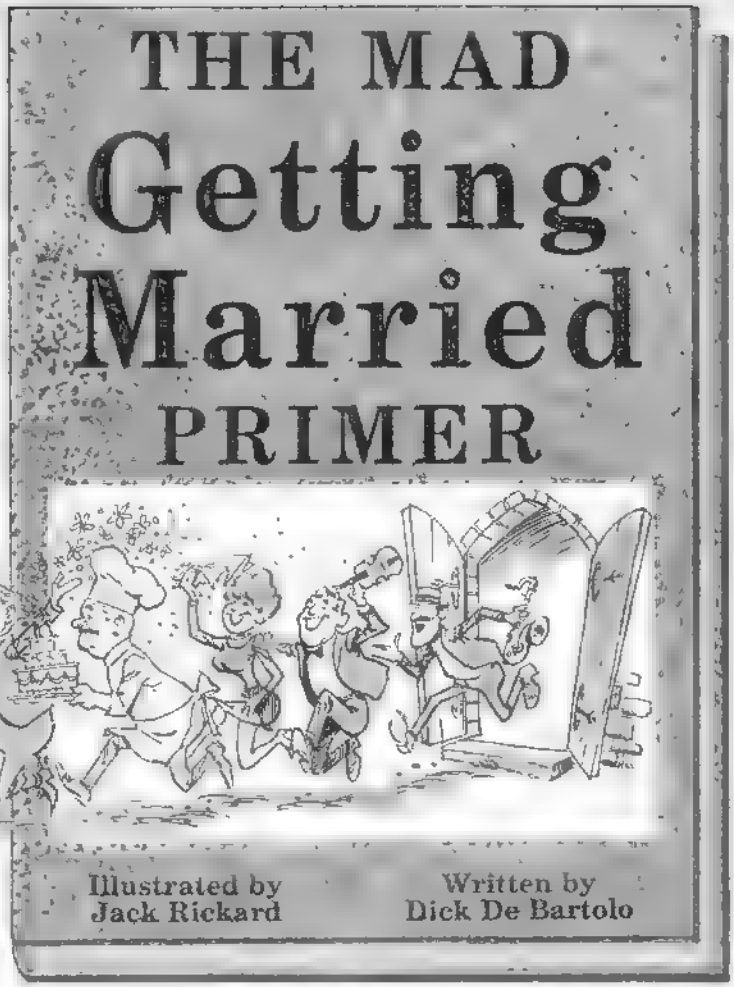

BLAMBLAM

EECH
YAK
OOOH
OGH!
OOF!
ACK
YAAH
AAGH
OGGOCK
GAAH
THUD
YARGH
GACK
OOH

Got 'em!!
Rats ! I missed!

BETTER DEAD THAN WED DEPT.

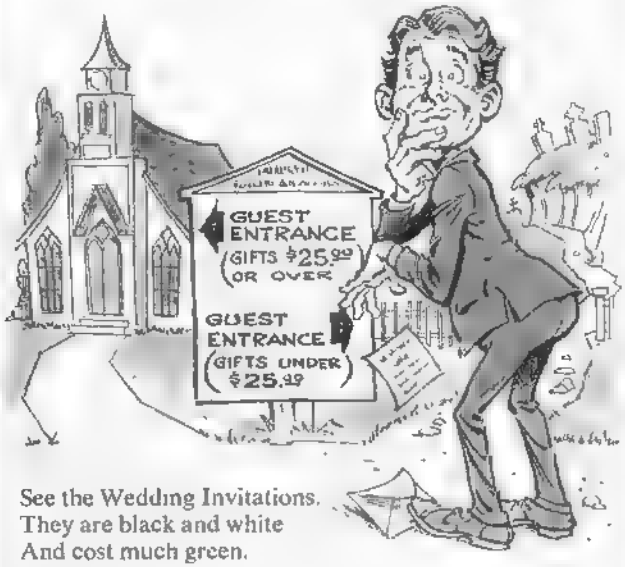
See Dick.
See Jane.
See Dick and Jane.
See Jane run.
See Dick run.
See Dick run after Jane.
Run, Dick, run.
But be careful.
Because if Jane is caught
You might find yourself reading...



Lesson 1.
The Engagement Ring

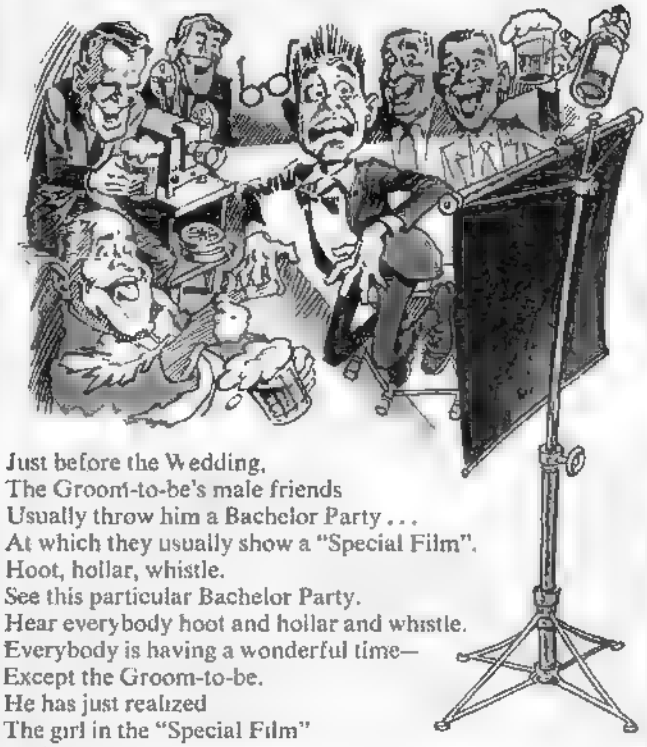
See the diamond engagement ring.
See how it sparkles.
Sparkle, sparkle, sparkle.
See how the Bride-to-be shows it off.
She shows it to her friends
(To get them jealous).
She shows it to her relatives
(To get their admiration).
She shows it to her jeweler
(To get his appraisal).
Accepting a diamond engagement ring
Usually depends upon the approval of all three.
A diamond ring symbolizes a permanent commitment
Between the Groom-to-be and the Bride-to-be.
A diamond ring also symbolizes a permanent commitment
Between the Groom-to-be and the Finance Company.

Lesson 2.
The Wedding Invitations



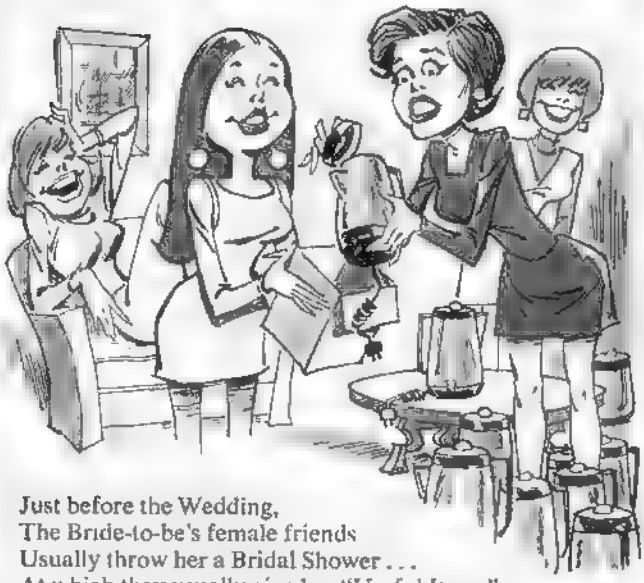
See the Wedding Invitations.
They are black and white
And cost much green.
Some clearly say:
"We request your presence at the Church . . "
Others clearly say:
"We request your presence at the Reception . . ."
They all clearly imply:
"We request your presents . "
Presents, presents, presents.

Lesson 3.
The Bachelor Party



Just before the Wedding,
The Groom-to-be's male friends
Usually throw him a Bachelor Party . . .
At which they usually show a "Special Film".
Hoot, hollar, whistle.
See this particular Bachelor Party.
Hear everybody hoot and hollar and whistle.
Everybody is having a wonderful time—
Except the Groom-to-be.
He has just realized
The girl in the "Special Film"
Is his Bride-to-be.

Lesson 4.
The Bridal Shower

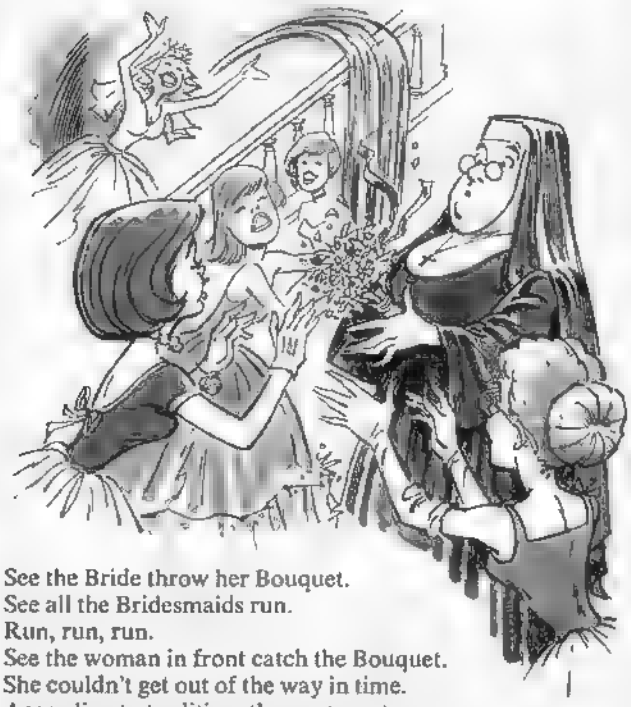


Just before the Wedding,
The Bride-to-be's female friends
Usually throw her a Bridal Shower . . .
At which they usually give her "Useful Items",
Like irons, and hair-dryers, and broilers.
Why are these items "useful". . .
When the new Bride will be sending her laundry out,
And going to a beauty parlor,
And eating in restaurants every night?
These items will be useful as *gifts*
At *future* Bridal Showers.

Lesson 7.
The Best Man

See the Best Man.
He and the Groom were best friends.
They bowled together, and golfed together,
And drank together, and played cards together.
Today is the last time they will ever see each other.
But there will still be bowling, and golfing,
And drinking, and playing cards.
Except that the Groom will be working
While the Bride will be doing them.

Lesson 8.
The Bouquet



See the Bride throw her Bouquet.
See all the Bridesmaids run.
Run, run, run.
See the woman in front catch the Bouquet.
She couldn't get out of the way in time.
According to tradition, the *next* one to marry
Will be the Bride's High School Teacher:
Sister Maria Theresa.

Lesson 5.
The Well-Wishers

See the Bride come down the aisle.
See the Groom come down the aisle.
See the people crying.
Sob, sob, sob.
The Bride's family and friends are crying:
"Such a beautiful girl . . .
Marrying such an ugly clod!"
The Groom's family and friends are crying:
"Such a handsome man . . .
Marrying such an ugly witch!"
Some people are so unhappy at weddings.
Then there are people who are *extremely* happy at weddings:
The Caterer, the Minister, the Florist, the Printer, the Jeweler,
The Dressmaker, the Orchestra, the Photographer, etc. etc.

Lesson 6.
The Wedding Ceremony

See the Minister conducting the Wedding Ceremony.
He says:
"Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"
The Bride answers:
"I do."
He asks:
"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"
The Groom answers:
"I do."
This is the last time the Bride and Groom will
agree on anything.
The Minister asks if there are any reasons
Why these two should not be joined in Holy Matrimony.
Too bad the question isn't asked a *year* from now.
There'll be *plenty* of reasons.

Lesson 9.
The Wedding Reception

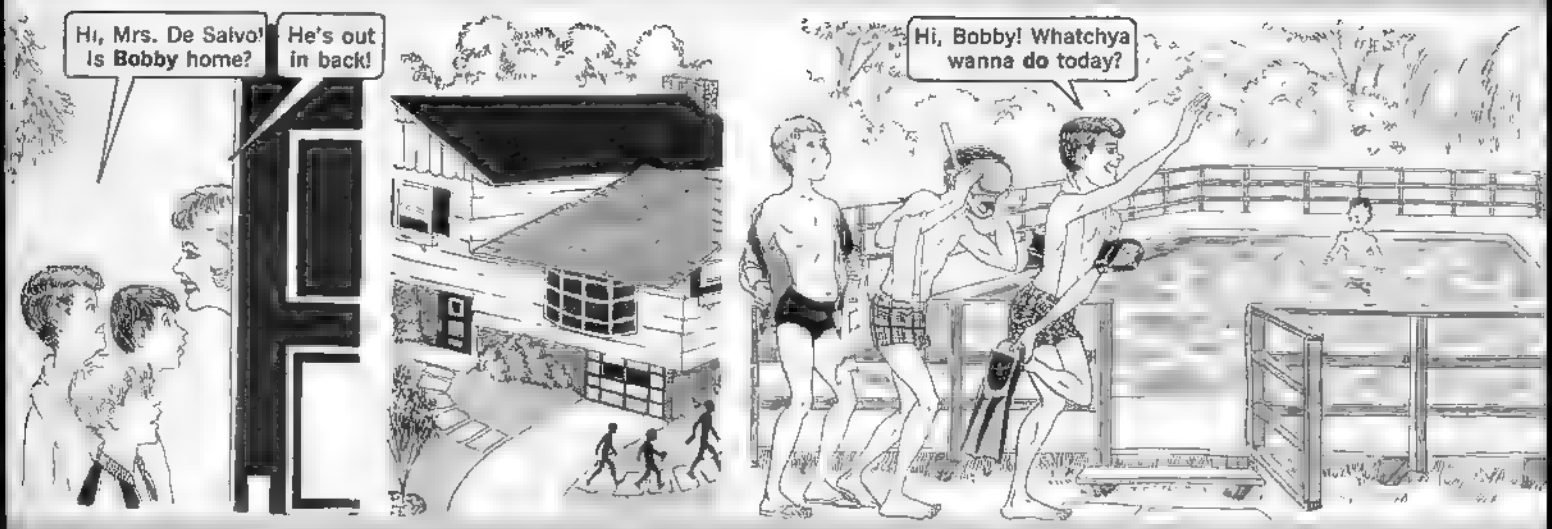
See the Wedding Reception.
Everyone is dancing and drinking and eating like crazy.
You have to dance and drink and eat an awful lot
To cover the cost of a $50.00 wedding gift.
See the Bride eating a piece of Wedding Cake.
This is her 17th piece.
She has finally gained a husband.
And lost a diet.

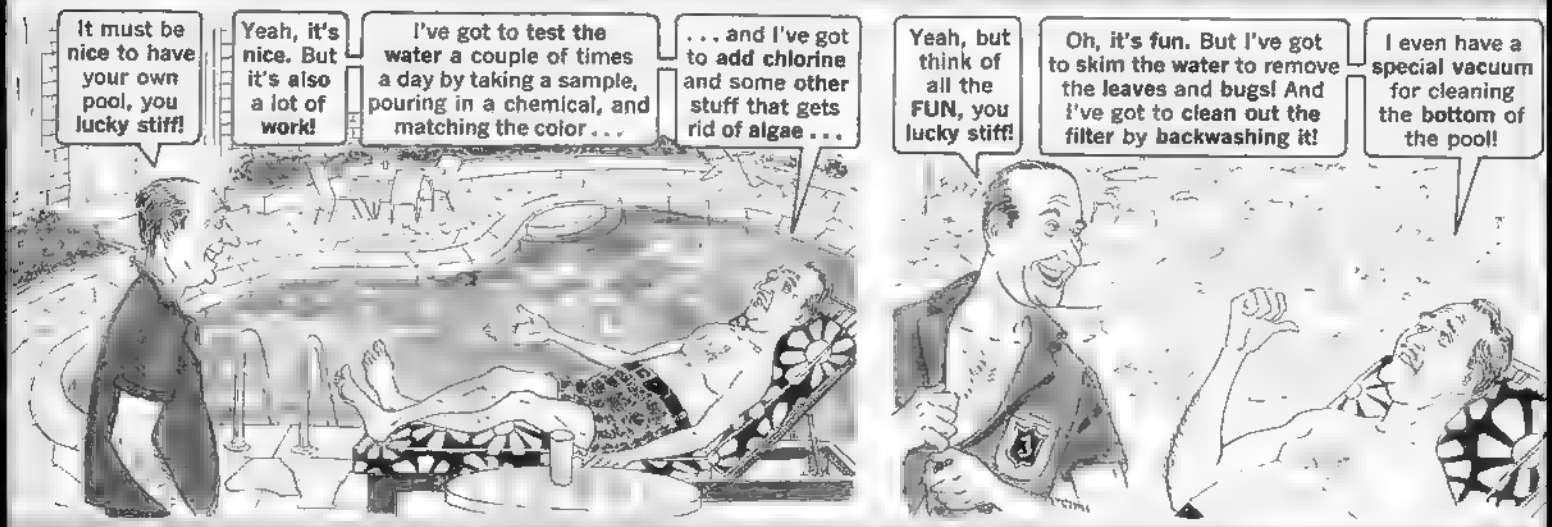
Lesson 10.
The Getaway

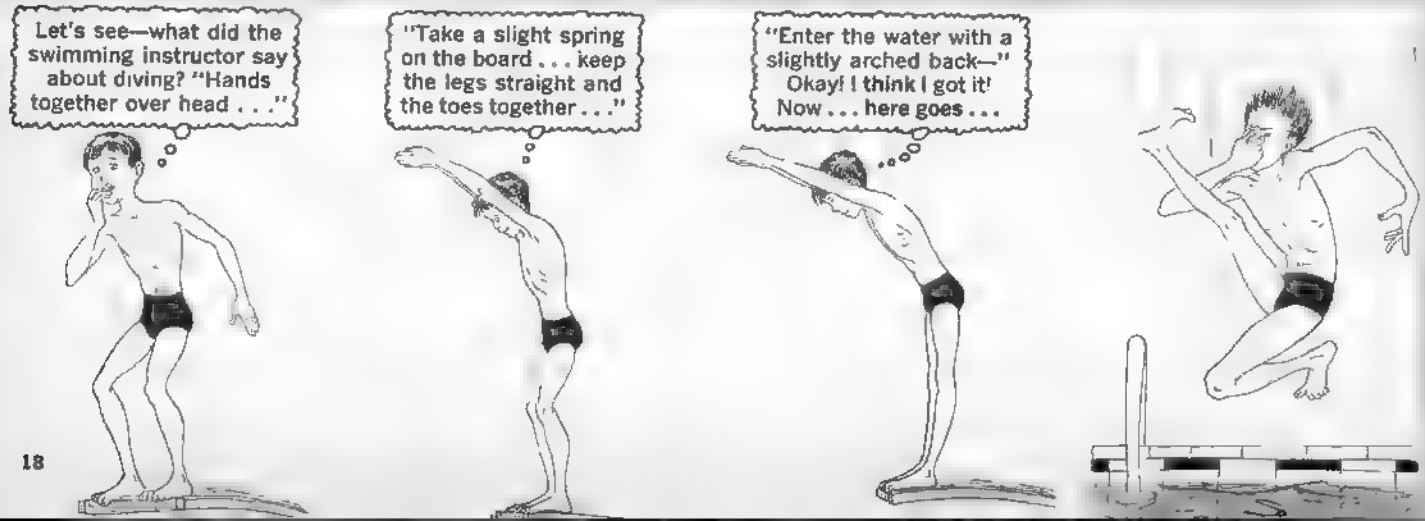
See the Wedding Couple dancing with friends
And laughing with relatives,
And having a wonderful time at the Reception.
In the old days, the Bride and Groom
Would be anxious to make their Getaway,
So they could rush to a Honeymoon Retreat.
Rush, rush, rush.
Nowadays, the Bride and Groom
Are usually the last to leave the Reception.
They're not *that* anxious to rush to a Honeymoon Retreat
When they've been living together for the past two years.
Blush, blush, blush.

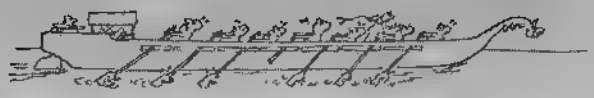
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SWIMM



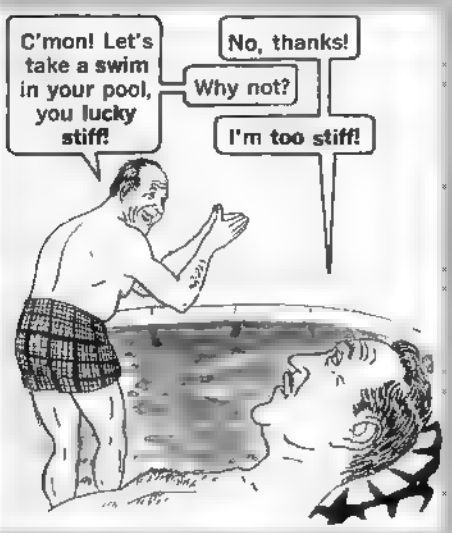


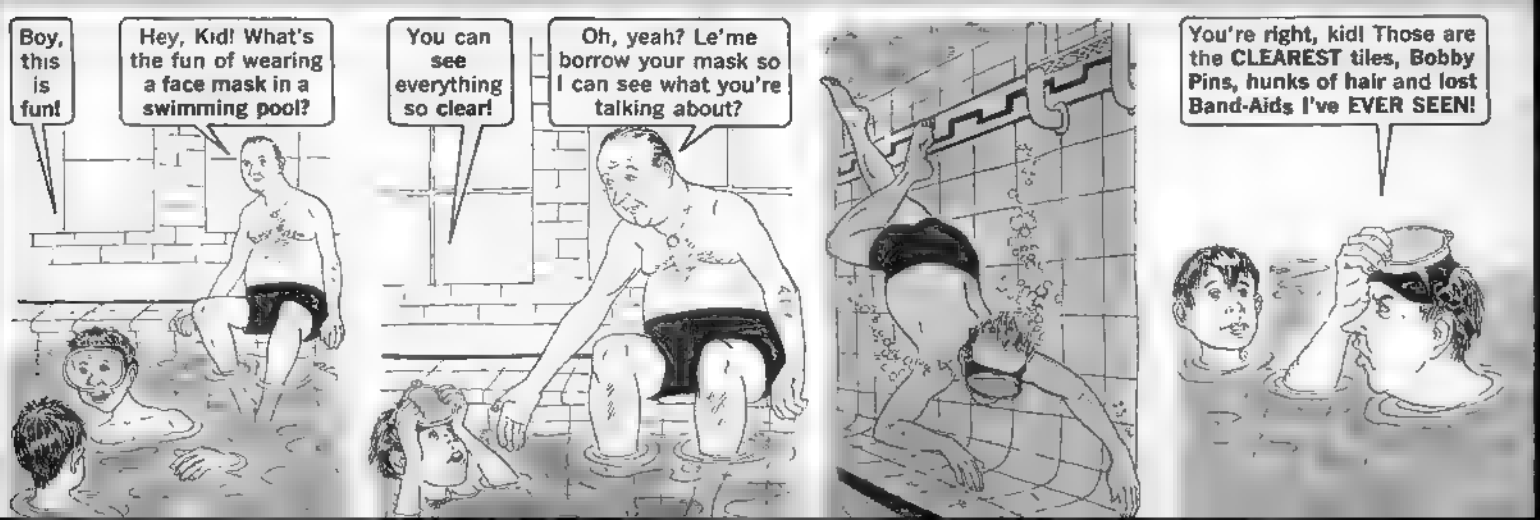


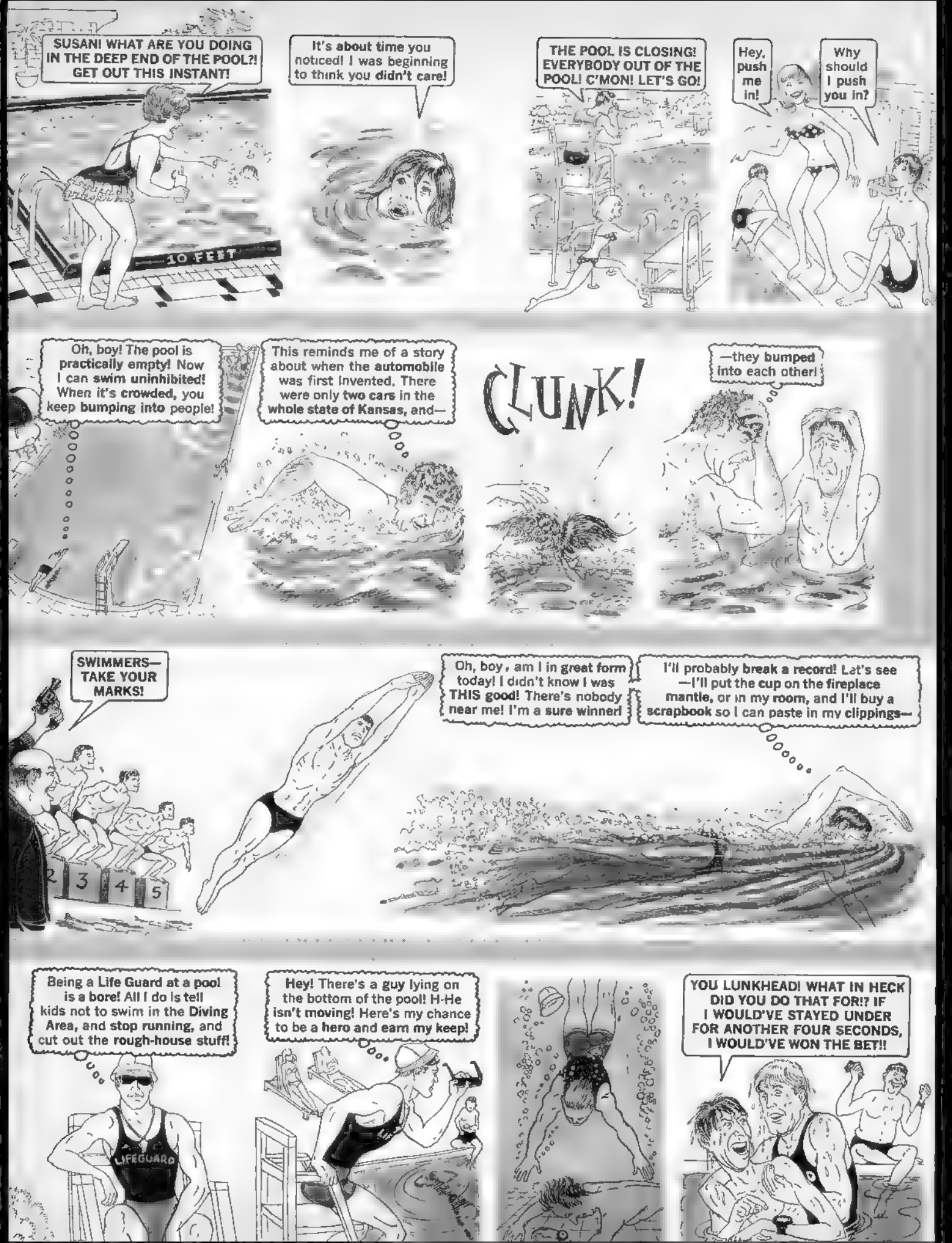


ING POOLS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG






SUSAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE DEEP END OF THE POOL?! GET OUT THIS INSTANT!
10 FEET
It's about time you noticed! I was beginning to think you didn't care!
THE POOL IS CLOSING! EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL! C'MON! LET'S GO!
Hey, push me in!
Why should I push you in?
Oh, boy! The pool is practically empty! Now I can swim uninhibited! When it's crowded, you keep bumping into people!
This reminds me of a story about when the automobile was first invented. There were only two cars in the whole state of Kansas, and—
CLUNK!
—they bumped into each other!
SWIMMERS— TAKE YOUR MARKS!
2
3
4
5
Oh, boy, am I in great form today! I didn't know I was THIS good! There's nobody near me! I'm a sure winner!
I'll probably break a record! Let's see —I'll put the cup on the fireplace mantle, or in my room, and I'll buy a scrapbook so I can paste in my clippings—
Being a Life Guard at a pool is a bore! All I do is tell kids not to swim in the Diving Area, and stop running, and cut out the rough-house stuff!
LIFEGUARD
Hey! There's a guy lying on the bottom of the pool! H-He isn't moving! Here's my chance to be a hero and earn my keep!
YOU LUNKHEAD! WHAT IN HECK DID YOU DO THAT FOR!? IF I WOULD'VE STAYED UNDER FOR ANOTHER FOUR SECONDS, I WOULD'VE WON THE BET!!

Don't ask questions! Just push me in!
Okay! Okay! Consider yourself pushed in!
YAHH!
HEY! I SAID "EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL!" THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, DEBBIE SANDS!!
GREENTREE
HE PUSHED ME IN!

HEY, WATCH ME!
MOMMY, WATCH ME!
DADDY, WATCH ME!
All right, already! We're watching you! In fact, you've got everybody around the pool watching you!
OKAY—WATCH ME!
WAP!
I didn't mean NOW! I meant BEFORE—when I did it GOOD!

HEY, JERK! C'MON BACK HERE! YOU JUMPED THE GUN!!
Are you going to stand there all day . . . or are you going into the water?!
Where's the water!?
S.S. BONNIE

Mmmm—this is delicious! There's just nothing like loiling in your own cool pool on a sweltering day!
Man, this is tne life!
OKAY, BIG SPENDER!! GET OUT OF THERE AND LET YOUR KIDS IN!!
David Berg

HITTING BELOW THE BLACK BELT DEPT.

TODAY, MORE THAN EVER BEFORE, PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN LEARNING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. IF YOU'RE LIKE THE REST OF US, YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOME BIG LUG WHO'S ALWAYS BULLYING YOU. WELL, ISN'T IT TIME YOU STOOD UP TO YOUR WIFE? THERE ARE DOZENS OF BOOKS ON THE MARKET

MORE SPE SELF-DEFE

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

SELF-DEFENSE FOR LITTLE OLD LADIES

HOW TO WHIP THAT YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER

●

Seven Defense Devices You Can Hide In Your Orthopedic Shoes

●

HOW TO KNIT A 20-POUND CHAIN INTO YOUR SHAWL

●

A Concealed Hat Pin: Your Most Cherished Defense Weapon

●

HOW TO BITE A MUGGER WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR FALSE TEETH IN HIS ARM

■

Build Your Own Bullet-Proof Corset

■

18 TERRIBLE THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH AN UMBRELLA

Self-Defense For POLICEMEN

✱ ✱ ✱

12 WAYS TO STOP A CRIMINAL WITH JUST ONE FINGER (Your Trigger Finger)

✱ ✱ ✱

HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST ONE ATTACKER

✱ ✱ ✱

How To Defend Yourself Against One Attacker With A Crowd Of 500 Watching

✱ ✱ ✱

HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST 501 ATTACKERS

✱ ✱ ✱

The Only Sure Way To Avoid A Riot: GO OFF DUTY!

✱ ✱ ✱

18 WAYS TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST AN IRATE LITTLE OLD LADY WITH AN UMBRELLA

✱ ✱ ✱

Self-Defense For TEENY-BOPPERS

IF A THUG GRABS FOR YOUR PURSE... LET HIM HAVE IT! (He Deserves The Hernia)

□□□□

How To Defend Yourself Against Your Boyfriend ... Or An Octopus

□□□□

TEN THINGS TO SAY TO FRESH GUYS WHO WHISTLE AT YOU

□□□□

15 Streets Where You Can Find Fresh Guys To Whistle At You

□□□□

GET THE EFFECT OF BRASS KNUCKLES WITH 4 FRIENDSHIP RINGS

□□□□

How To Hide A Mini-Knife Under Your Mini-Skirt

□□□□

THE BEST DEFENSE: RUN FASTER THAN YOUR NYLONS

DEALING WITH SELF-DEFENSE. MANY OF THEM ARE EVEN BROKEN DOWN INTO CATEGORIES, SUCH AS "SELF-DEFENSE FOR MEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR WOMEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR BOYS", AND SO ON. WELL, MAD WOULD LIKE TO ADD TO THIS RIDICULOUS COLLECTION OF "SELF DEFENSE BOOKS" WITH

CIALIZED NSE BOOKS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Self-Defense For HOUSEWIVES

HOW TO GIVE A GOOD KARATE CHOP TO A BUTCHER WHO GAVE YOU A BAD PORK CHOP

Sex Appeal: *Your Most Valuable Weapon For Avoiding A Traffic Ticket*

HOW TO AVOID A TRAFFIC TICKET... *AND* A MORALS CHARGE

Self Defense Against White Tornadoes, Giants In Washers, Witches, Flying Maids, White Knights and Gabby Lady Plumbers

Self-Defense For TINY TOTS

IT'S YOUR ICE CREAM—DEFEND IT!
A Collection Of Punches & Blocks That Only Use Your Free Hand

* * *

CONVERT YOUR CAP PISTOL INTO THE REAL THING

* *

Seven Self-Defense Methods You Can Practice On Your Barbie Doll

* * *

BITE SCRATCH AND KICK! You're A Kid, And You're Not Expected To Fight Fair!

* *

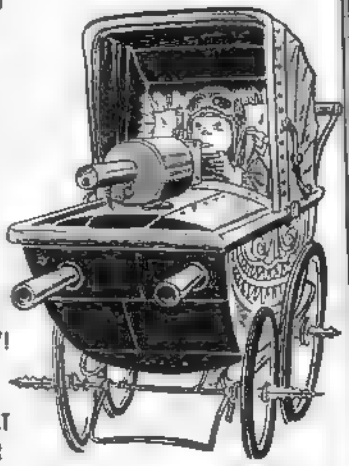
ALWAYS CARRY EXTRA CANDY! Every Bully Has His Price!

* * *

CONVINCING YOUR ASSAILANT YOU'VE GOT A BIG BROTHER

* *

When All Else Fails . . . Cry!



Self-Defense For ANIMAL LOVERS

HOW TO EAT A STEAK DINNER SAFELY WHEN YOU OWN THREE DOBERMAN PINSCHERS

• • •

4 Effective Judo Holds You Can Use On A Depraved Parakeet

• • •

BEING ATTACKED BY A LAUGHING HYENA IS NOT AS FUNNY AS IT SOUNDS

• • •

How To Deal With A Goldfish Who's Been Watching Movies About Barracudas On TV

• • •

PUTTING THE CAT OUT WHEN HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO

• • •

How To Defend Yourself Against Two—er—Six—er—Eighteen—er—Seventy-Two-Crazed Rabbits

• • •

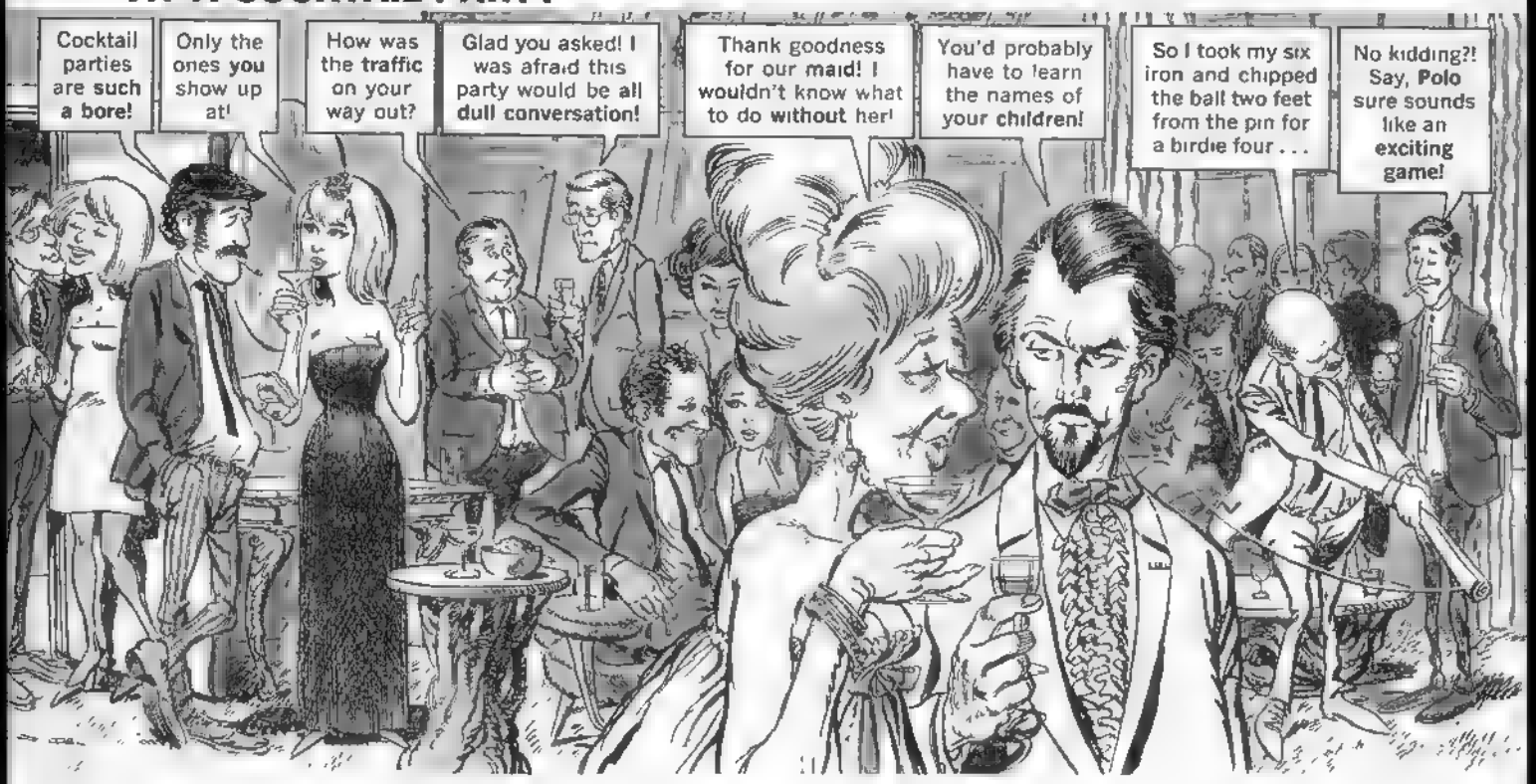
7 WAYS TO RELAX AND UNWIND A NERVOUS BOA CONSTRICTOR

PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Victims of "Cliche Conversation"... unite! You have nothing to lose but your utter boredom! Yes, here's your chance to strike back! Unfortunately, you will probably end up with nobody talking to you once you start using:

MAD'S "CLICHE

AT A COCKTAIL PARTY

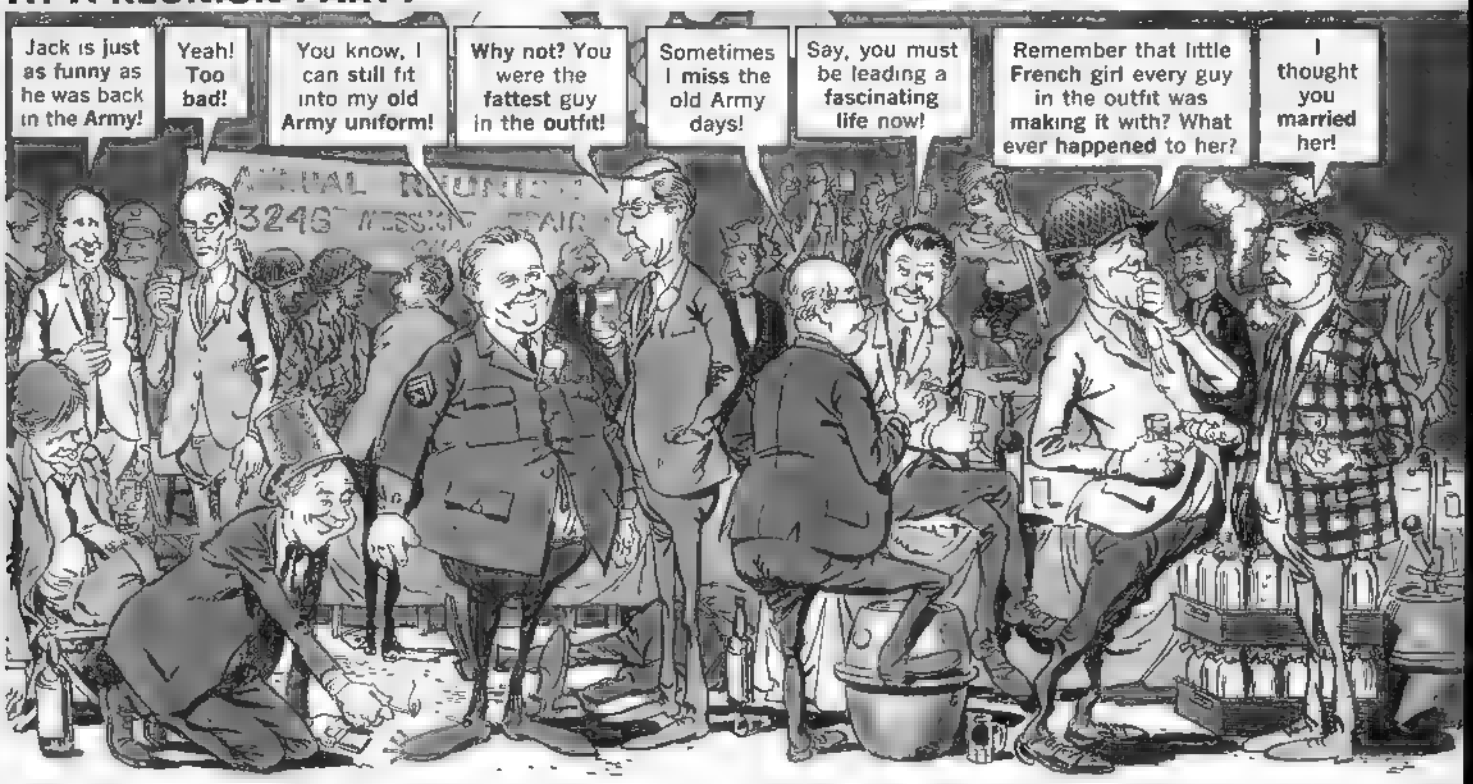


AT A SURPRISE PARTY

CONVERSATION" KILLERS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

AT A REUNION PARTY



AT A DINNER PARTY

IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

IN AN ART MUSEUM

HITS, RUNS AND AN ERA DEPT.

Why in heck is it called "Sandlot Baseball"? *We* usually played it in a weedy field —or a muddy tract—or a paved schoolyard! One thing's for certain, we *never* played on *sand!* In fact, the young people's whole approach to America's national pastime was very different back then. We'll show you what we mean as MAD takes

A Nostalgic Look At SANDLOT BASEBALL

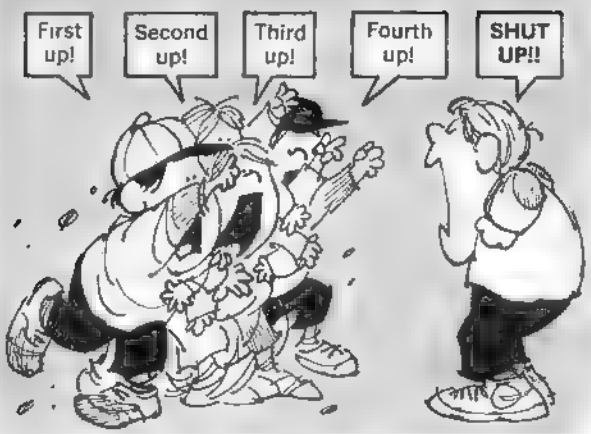
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

Before any game, we had to mark out the "Diamond" . . .

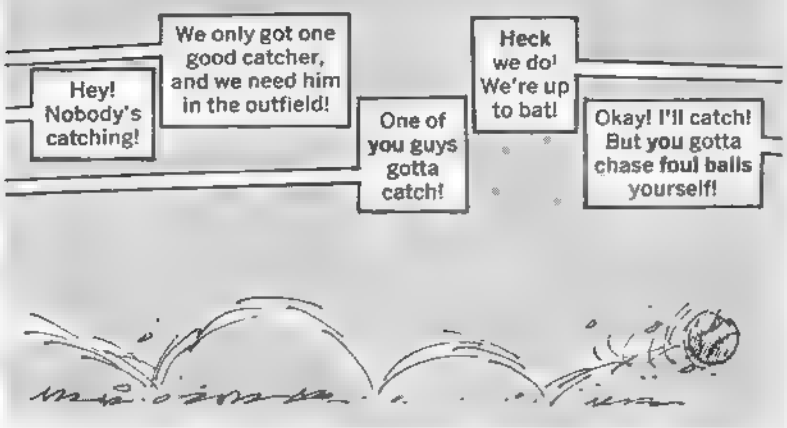
Next, we had to choose up sides—and then you really found out how you rated with your buddies!

It was settled by letting the team that had to take you be the first side to bat. Then the other team took the field and spent the next half hour arguing over who would play what position . . .

. . . meanwhile, your side was fighting over the batting order!

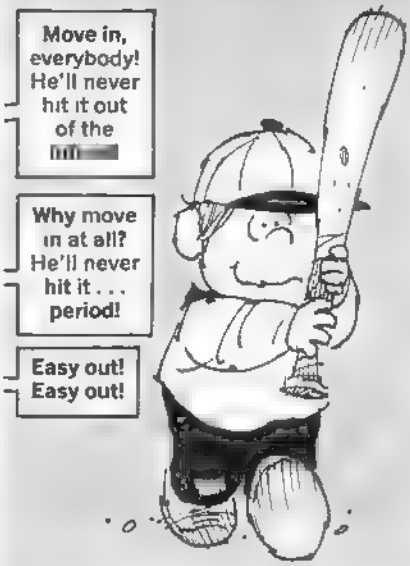


Finally, the lineups were settled and the game began. That's when the team at field discovered they didn't have a catcher!

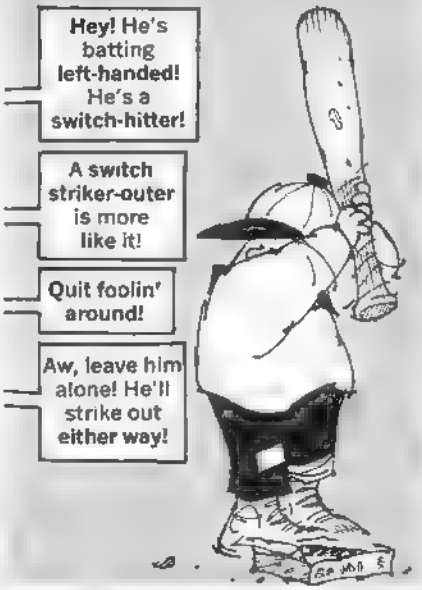


After your team had batted around a couple of times, the other team remembered that you hadn't been up.

The other team threatened to quit and go home, so your teammates finally gave in and agreed to let you bat . . .



And so, just to shake them up, you decided to bat left-handed:

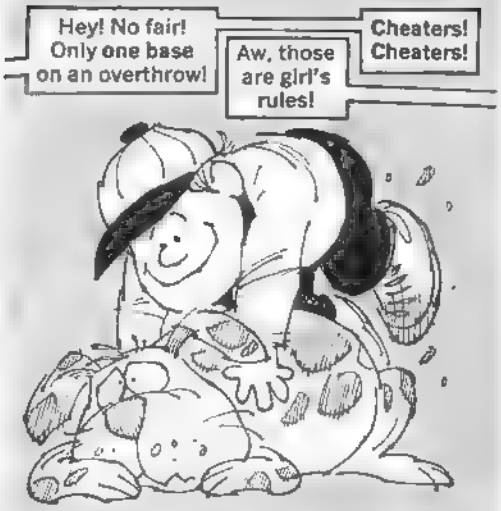


But to the amazement of everyone, this was the day you ACTUALLY HIT THE BALL . . .

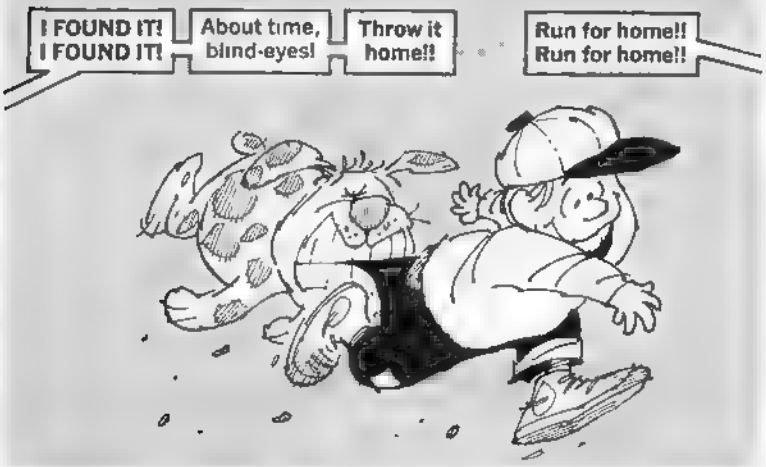
You ran to first base and slid under the throw . . .

While the other side was trying to find the ball in the bushes, you ran to second base.

Then you ran to third base and started a rhubarb . . .



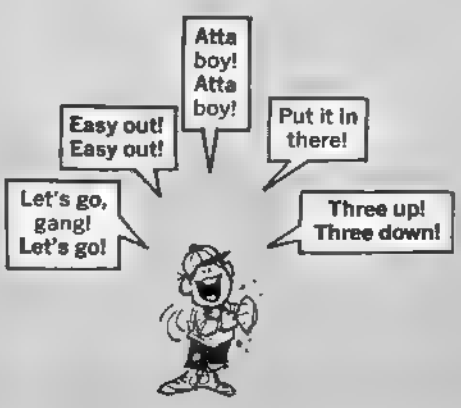
After about ten minutes of arguing, the biggest guy decided you could take as many bases as you wanted on an overthrow. (He also happened to be the captain of your team!) Then, just as the other team found the ball, you were coached to try for home.



You beat the throw to the plate by a nose, but you would've scored anyway, 'cause there was no catcher.

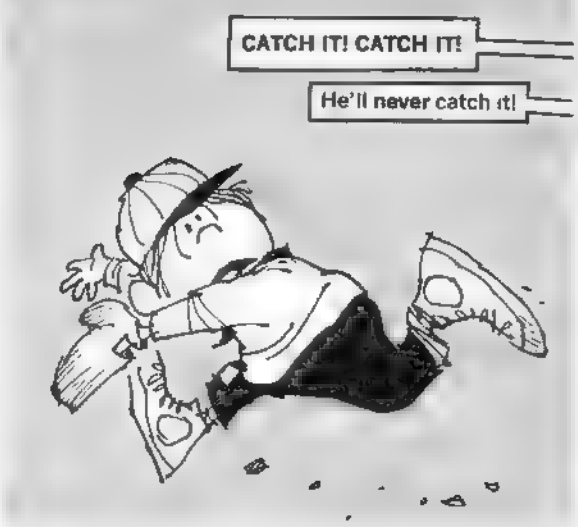
Finally, after your team had batted around three more times (and you struck out each time—twice left-handed and once right-handed), it was your turn to take the field. Your team decided that right field was the safest place to put you . . .

Even though nobody could hear you way out there in right field, you kept up a lively round of chatter.



The other team batted around, and after a while your mind sort of wandered. Then, all of a sudden, you heard your teammates shouting at you. The best batter on the other team had crossed them up by batting left-handed, and he'd hit a long fly ball to right field!

At first, you thought the ball was going way back over your head, and so you ran out . . .



Then you realized that it was dropping in front of you, so you ran back in . . .

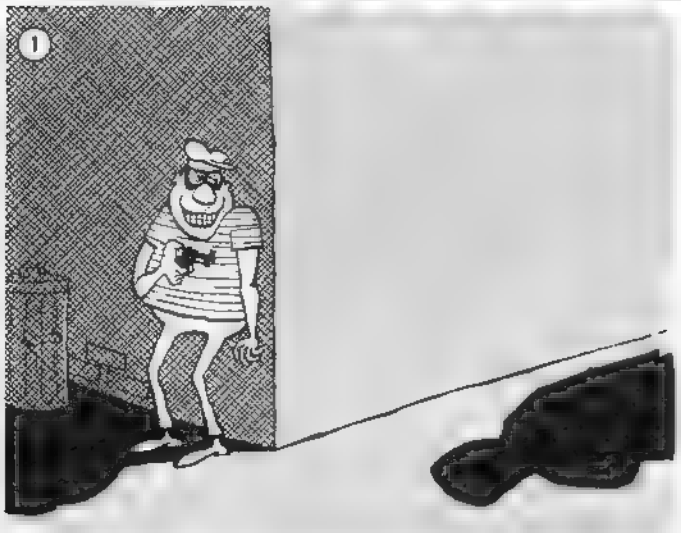
Finally, you saw that the ball was going to come down right where you'd been before you started running around like an idiot . . . so you got back there fast—just in time to . . .

And so, even though you were the star of the game, you were modest about it . . . until you got home!

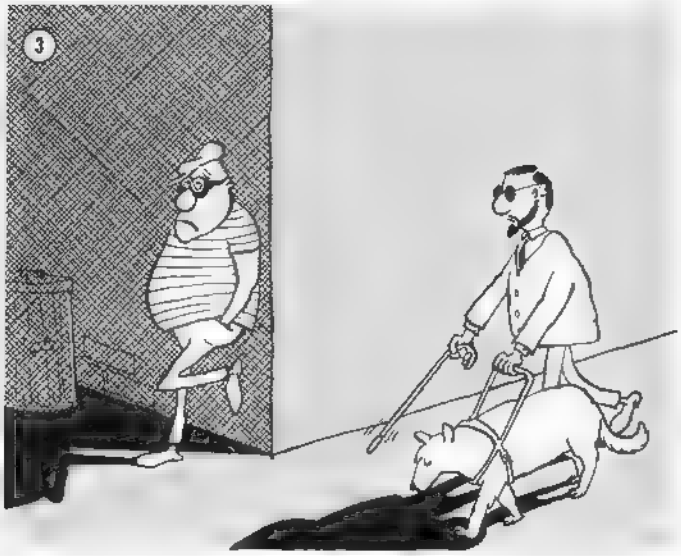
Well, that's how "Sandlot Baseball" was. If you were a kid today, it would be a lot different. You'd play in a "Little League" and wear a real uniform and use real equipment like balls with covers and bases for bases. And you wouldn't waste a lot of time standing around and arguing, because grown-ups would be organizing and supervising your games. But there's one thing you might not like about it, though. You still wouldn't get to play . . . because you'd still be the worst player in the neighborhood!

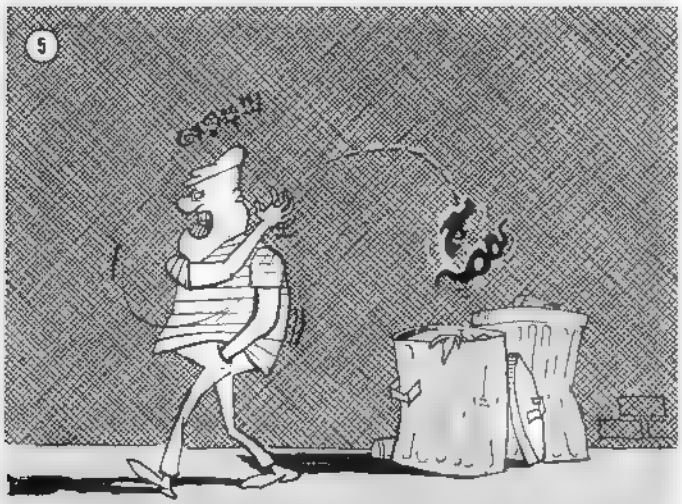
ROBBIN' HOOD-WINKED DEPT.

ALLEY-OOPS!



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





SOUR NOTES DEPT.

For hundreds of years, folk singers have been composing ditties to voice their criticism of the way the world is being run. But not until recently did protest songs suddenly zoom to the top on music popularity charts. Unfortunately, the phenomenon may

New "Protests" To

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

The TV Victim's Lament

(Sung to the tune of *"Blowin' In the Wind"*)

How many times must a guy spray with Ban
Before he doesn't offend?
And how many times must he gargle each day
Before he can talk to a friend?
How many tubes of shampoo must he buy
Before his dandruff will end?
The sponsors, my friend, will sell you all they can.
The sponsors will sell you all they can.

How many times must a man use Gillette
Before shaving won't make him bleed?
And how many cartons of Kents must he smoke
Before the girls all pay him heed?
How many products must one person buy
Before he has all that he'll need?
The sponsors, my friend, will sell you all they can.
The sponsors will sell you all they can

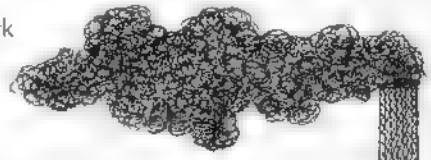
How many times must a gal clean her sink
Before Ajax scours that stain,
And how many times must she rub in Ben-Gay
Before she can rub out the pain?
How many ads on TV must we watch
Before we are driven insane?
The sponsors, my friend, will broadcast all they can.
The sponsors will broadcast all they can!

The Smog Breathers' Final Gasp

(Sung to the tune of *"The Midnight Special"*)

See the steel mill furnace
Belch its smoke at me,
While I inhale deeply
'Til I'm ready for lung surgery.

Now, you wake up in the morning, and you strangle like mad.
Poison's blowing in the window, and you're feeling kind of bad.
Tongue's all coated gold with sulphur; both your eyes are bright
You're a lovely blend of colors, but before long you'll be dead.



Still, the steel mill smokestack
Blows its crud at me,
Causing awful headaches
Plus assorted other misery.

City Hall is swamped with letters. "Clean the air," they all say.
But the mayor's secretary quickly files them all away.
No dough's left to fight pollution, so don't bother to grouse;
It all went to air condition every politician's house

So just let that smokestack
Belch its fumes at me.
Since it's good for business,
I'll lie down and conk out quietly

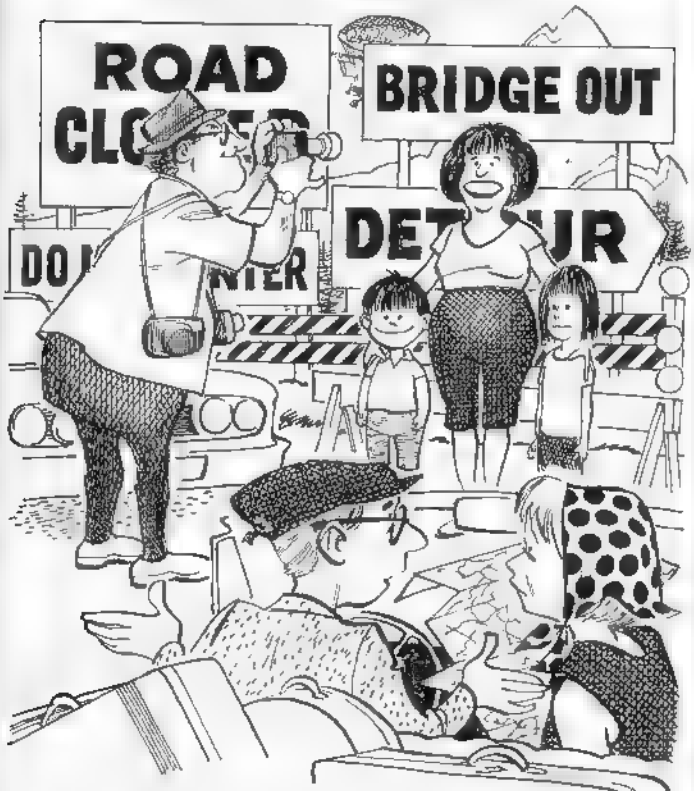
not last long. This generation's angry young protest singers are beginning to show a definite need for new material. And so it is that MAD rushes forward to keep a good thing going (or kill it off completely) by presenting this inspired array of . . .

The Same Old Tunes

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Peeved At Obstructions

(Sung to the tune of *"Eve of Destruction"*)



You save up all year long to take a nice vacation.
You make a lot of plans to drive across the nation.
You dream of all you'll see with great anticipation.
You've only got a week to reach your destination,
But that seems like enough; you feel no consternation.
Then they tell you over and over and over again, my friend,
That you can't get through; the road is under construction.

You've never been to Maine or Utah's scenic section.
You call the auto club to help make your selection.
You pay to get your car a thorough trip inspection
So you can drive afar and feel you've got protection.
Then, when you're almost there, you seek a cop's direction.
And he tells you over and over and over again, my friend,
That you must turn back; the road is under construction.

Vacation here at home, our president keeps saying.
Don't spend your dough abroad, he fervently is praying.
So you head for New York to do your summer playing;
Or maybe to the west a-travel plan you're laying,
To see those snowy peaks and geysers wildly spraying.
But the signs warn over and over and over again, my friend,
That you can't get there; the road is under construction.

The Flower Children's Fight Song

(Sung to the tune of *"They Call the Wind Maria"*)

The squares can't bear to see us wear
Our clothes unwashed and baggy.
They say it's wrong to have hair long,
And they call us downright shaggy.
We're shaggy.
We're shaggy.
They hate us 'cause we're shaggy.

We've got a right to look a fright,
And smell this strong or stronger.
We won't be sheared of locks or beard,
But we may let both grow longer.
And shaggy;
And shaggy.
Down to our knees and shaggy!

We won't conform to any norm.
We'll keep our sweat shirts raggy,
'Til those who fuss approve of us,
Then there's no point staying shaggy.
Unshaggy.
Unshaggy.
We'll bathe and be unshaggy.

A Rousing Sneer For The Undedicated Physician

(Sung to the tune of *"Home on the Range"*)

Groan, groan with the pain.
Your doctor has vanished again.
Of course, it's his right
To go out Friday night,
So just lie there. Shut up! Don't complain!

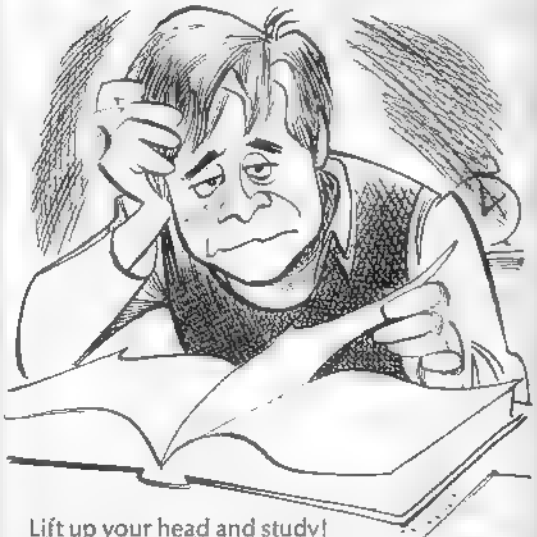
Writhe, twitch and feel strange.
You've left word with Doc's phone exchange.
Some day, he'll check in
And prescribe as-pir-in
That's the best you can hope to arrange.

Retch, whimper and bawl,
As down to Doc's office you crawl.
It's painfully slow,
But that's where you must go
'Cause you know he won't make a house call!

Pain, pain you can't bear.
So die, but don't die in despair.
As downward you slide,
See the cheerier side:
You won't live to endure Medicare

Concerto In D-Minus

(Sung to the tune of *"Tom Dooley"*)



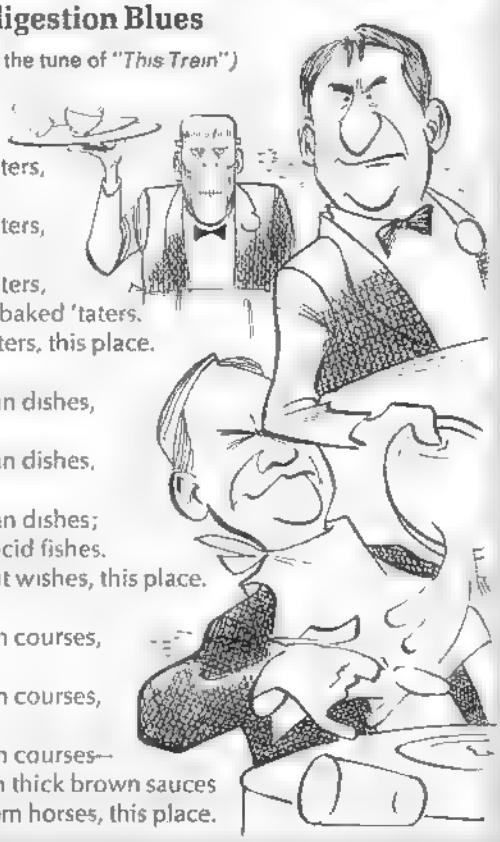
Lift up your head and study!
Learn or you're doomed to fail!
And if your mind stays muddy,
You'll never go to Yale

No college really wants you;
Not Georgia or Bucknell.
Why should they come and hunt you?
You don't play football well.

Lift up your head and read, boy!
Stay up all night and cram!
If you lack grades you need, boy,
You'll go to Uncle Sam

Indigestion Blues

(Sung to the tune of *"This Train"*)



This place has surly waiters,
This place
This place has surly waiters,
This place.
This place has surly waiters,
Watery soups and half-baked 'taters.
This place to no one caters, this place.

This place ain't got clean dishes,
This place
This place ain't got clean dishes,
This place
This place ain't got clean dishes;
Just stale bread and rancid fishes.
This place serves what it wishes, this place.

This place has two main courses,
This place.
This place has two main courses,
This place.
This place has two main courses—
Both are drenched with thick brown sauces
Camouflaging meat from horses, this place.

I'm Cross About Inflation

(Sung to the tune of *"Across the Wide Missouri"*)

The lunch at school's a dollar-twenty.
Go away, you wild inflation.
For creamed chipped beef, four-bits is plenty.
Go way. I cannot pay to keep up with inflation

Three bucks I saved by being thrifty;
Money for a date this week-end.
But movies charge at least two-fifty.
And so, I'll see the show all by myself this week-end.

I mowed the lawn and earned two-dollars:
Lowest wage scale in the nation.
But ask for more and my dad hollers:
"It's you. It's kids like you who cause the wild inflation."

The Roving Postman

(Sung to the tune of *"The Roving Gambler"*)

I am a roving postman.
I walk from street to street,
With so much junk mail in the pouch I tote
It's flattened both my feet.

I used to just bring letters,
And folks were fond of me.
Now, they know me best for the trash I dump;
I'm yelled at constantly.

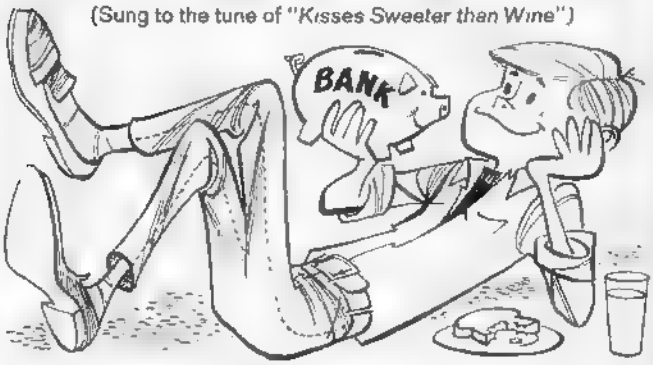
It's surely not my fault, though;
I can't control the mails.
And I get no kicks passing out bright ads
Announcing casket sales.

I'm lugging sixty pounds here
Of junk no one could want;
Mostly sample jars of some mustache wax
Addressed to "Occupant."

But still I trod my route, boys,
Through snow and sleet and hail.
Then I hurry home when the day is done
And burn my own junk mail.

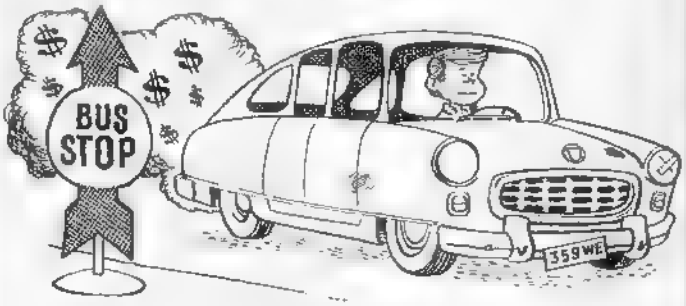
The Bleat Of The Former Pedestrian

(Sung to the tune of *"Kisses Sweeter than Wine"*)

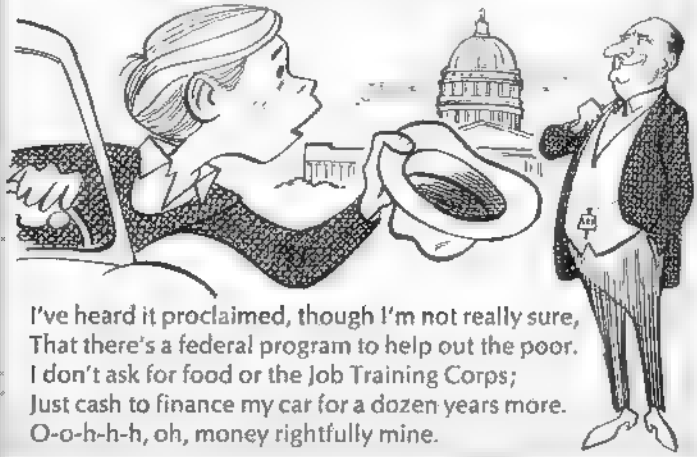


When I was a young man without any car,
I used to hang around home and not go very far.
I had me no wheels and no gas in the tank.
In fact, I really had nothing but dough in the bank.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money that was all mine.

Then I met a dealer and showed him my cash.
He said, "My boy, what you need is this '52 Nash."
The contract I signed was to drive me to tears;
It called for low, easy terms for the next hundred years.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money no longer mine.



I don't like to protest; I'm just not that kind,
But then my grounds for complaint are so easy to find
The license and tax are outrageously high,
And when you go to insure, kiss your savings good-bye.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money used to be mine

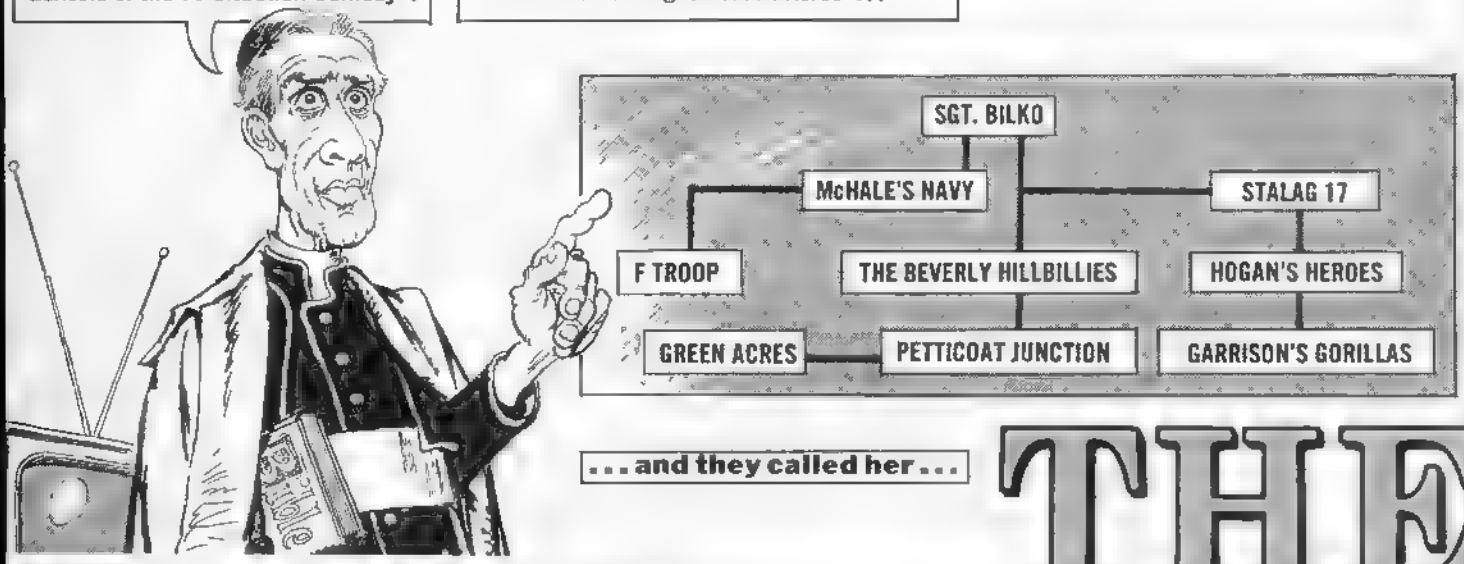


I've heard it proclaimed, though I'm not really sure,
That there's a federal program to help out the poor.
I don't ask for food or the Job Training Corps;
Just cash to finance my car for a dozen years more.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money rightfully mine.

Hello. I am **Bishop Fulton J. Showbiz**—religious leader and sometime-TV star. I have been asked by the Editors of **MAD Magazine** to be your guide in the following story. I'd like to begin by delivering a sermon entitled, **"The Genesis of the TV Situation Comedy"**:

In the beginning, Nat Hiken created **"Sgt. Bilko"**. And "Sgt. Bilko" begat **"McHale's Navy"**. And "McHale's Navy" begat **"F Troop"**. And then, **"The Beverly Hillbillies"** were created. And "The Beverly Hillbillies" begat **"Petticoat Junction"**. And "Petticoat Junction" begat **"Green Acres"**...

And it came to pass that the film, **"Stalag 17"** begat **"Hogan's Heroes"**. And unto "Hogan's Heroes" came the sons—**"Garrison's Gorillas"**. And the Earth was enriched, and the highest of ratings shown upon the land...



...and they called her...

THE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Look! Up in the sky!

It's a bird!

It's a plane!

It's Super-Man!

You're all wrong! It's Sister Brazil, The Flying Nut!

Look at those mischievous eyes!

Listen to that adorable giggle!

Look at that impish face!

She's ALL Nun!!

I wonder what hilarious religious prank she's up to now?

She says she gets her inspiration from The Good Book she carries

The Bible?

No—"Dennis The Menace"!

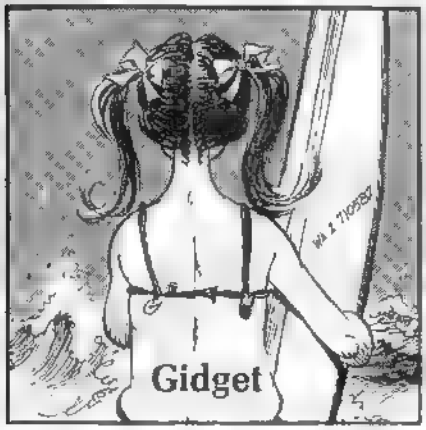
But why was she sent here to Puerto Rico?

They wanted her as far away from Rome as possible, and there are no Convents at the North Pole!

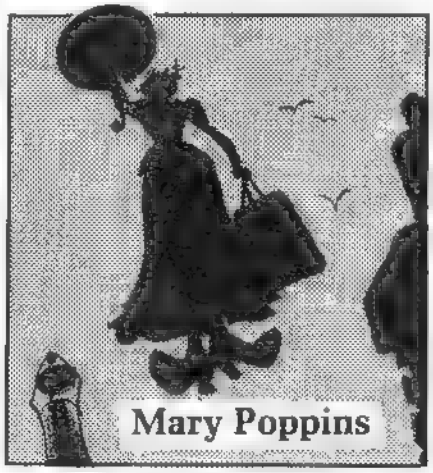
EL AEROPUE

LA CALLE DE LA CATEDRAL

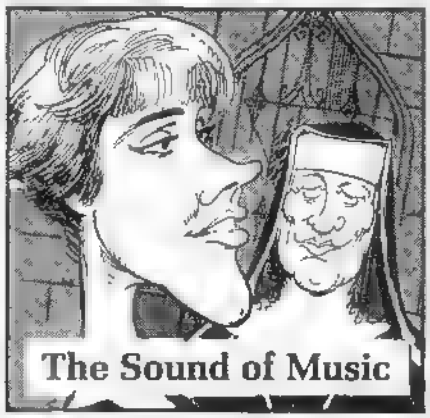
But then it came to pass that a TV Network Executive said, "Bring unto me the **ultimate gimmick!**" And three wise hacks went forth and brought back an **adorable teenager . . .**



And they showered unto the adorable teenager the **gift of flight**, which they borrowed from the **Book of Disney . . .**



And they gave unto her the irresistible appeal of **religious purity**, which they borrowed from the **Book of Rodgers & Hammerstein.** And lo, it came to pass that the ultimate gimmick was born . . .



FLYING NUT

Sisters, I have just spoken to His Eminence. Our Convent is running short of funds and we may have to close down!

Hey, kids, I've got an idea. What do you say we put on a show. You know, with funny acts and magic and animals.

Golly! We just gotta save the Convent!

Sister Brazil is so pious.

We'll do nothing of the sort! We'll raise money the correct way. Now I have to go to San Juan, but I'll be back in a few days. In the meanwhile, pray for our Convent, and . . .

Sister Brazil! Come back down! You will not fly over Cuba while I'm gone!

Aw, you never let a teenage Nun have any fun!

Well, how do you like the show so far? Remember . . . it's only supposed to be charming entertainment. We mustn't take it too seriously because . . .

RRRRING

Hello? . . . Oh, hello, Senator . . . What's that? As a devoutly religious man, you are embarrassed by this show? Tell me, Bobby—how does Teddy feel about it? He, too? And what about Cardinal Cushing? . . . He WHAT?! That's too bad. Do you have any smelling salts? . . . Look, Bobby, the show is coming back on, so . . . I'll call you back . . .

Listen, kids, I've got some fantabulous plans for raising money. So, while Mom is gone, this is what we'll do . . .

Sister Maria, I have such a troubled feeling every time I go to vespers.

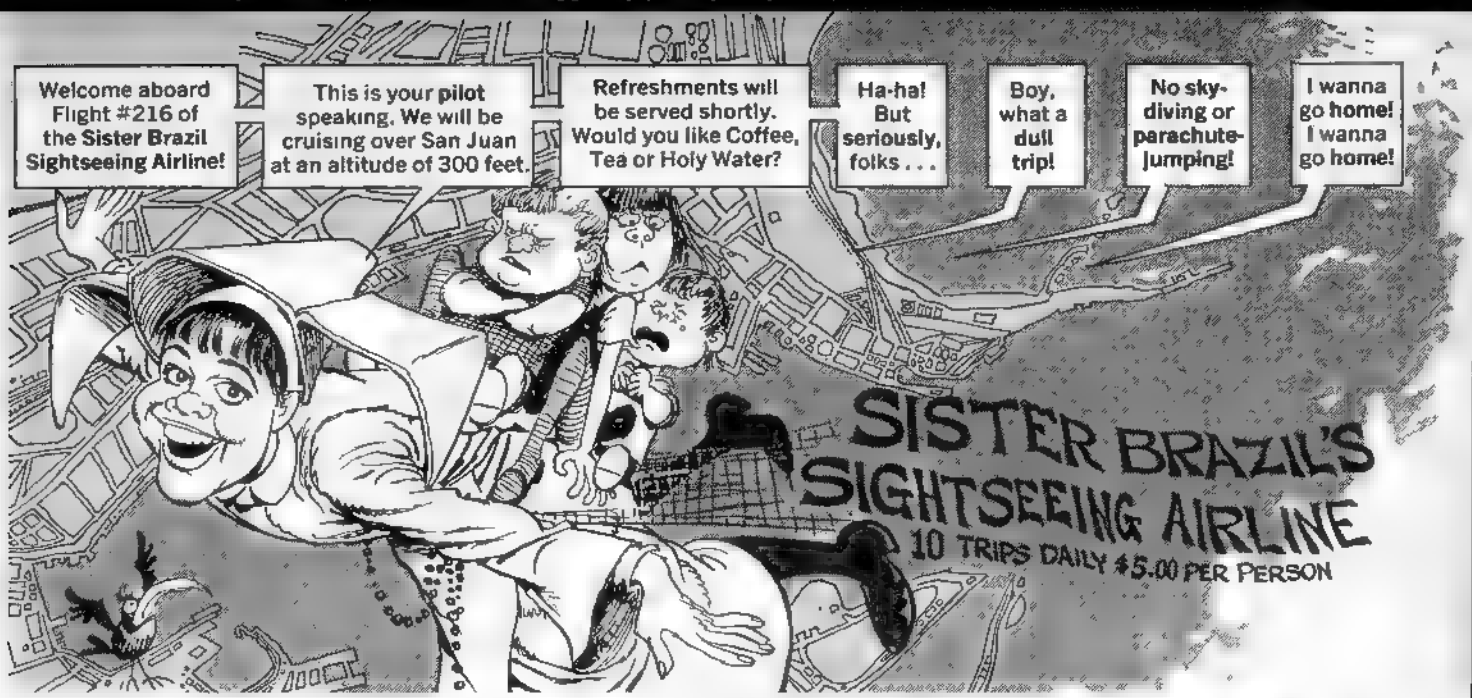
I know how you feel, Sister Ann. I used to feel the same way . . .

. . . until I started using Head & Neck Shampoo! Now there's no more embarrassing loose dandruff on my black habit, and the other Sis—

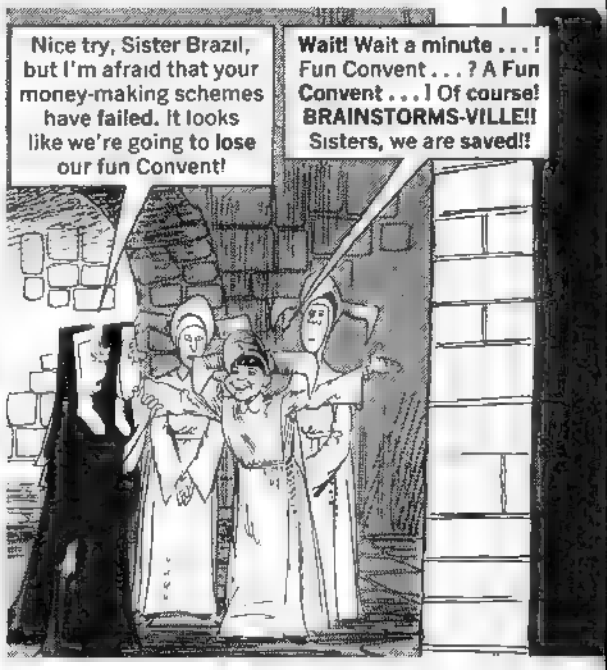
Hold it! HOLD IT! CUT!!

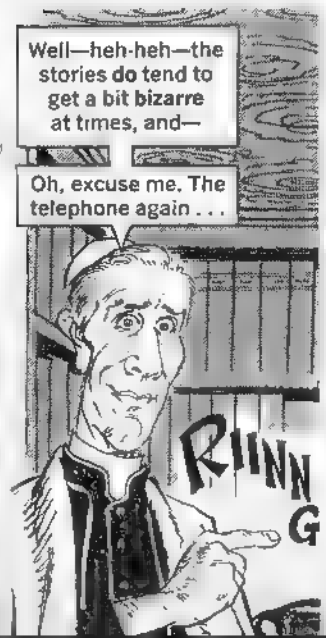
I'm sorry, Sister Brazil, but we just can't use this commercial on television. It's in bad taste . . . even for a "fun" Convent!

That's okay. I understand. Besides, I've got other fab ideas.

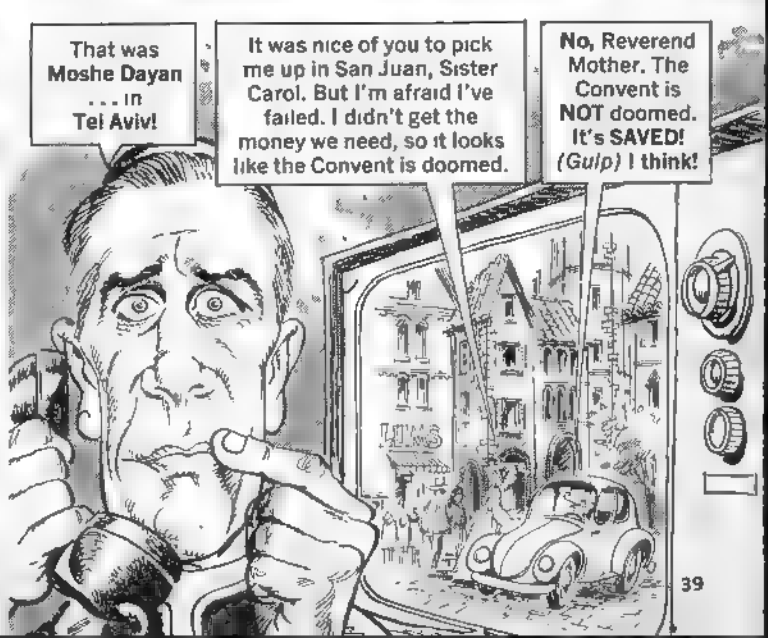

Welcome aboard Flight #216 of the Sister Brazil Sightseeing Airline!
This is your pilot speaking. We will be cruising over San Juan at an altitude of 300 feet.
Refreshments will be served shortly. Would you like Coffee, Tea or Holy Water?
Ha-ha! But seriously, folks . . .
Boy, what a dull trip!
No sky-diving or parachute-jumping!
I wanna go home! I wanna go home!
SISTER BRAZIL'S SIGHTSEEING AIRLINE
10 TRIPS DAILY $5.00 PER PERSON

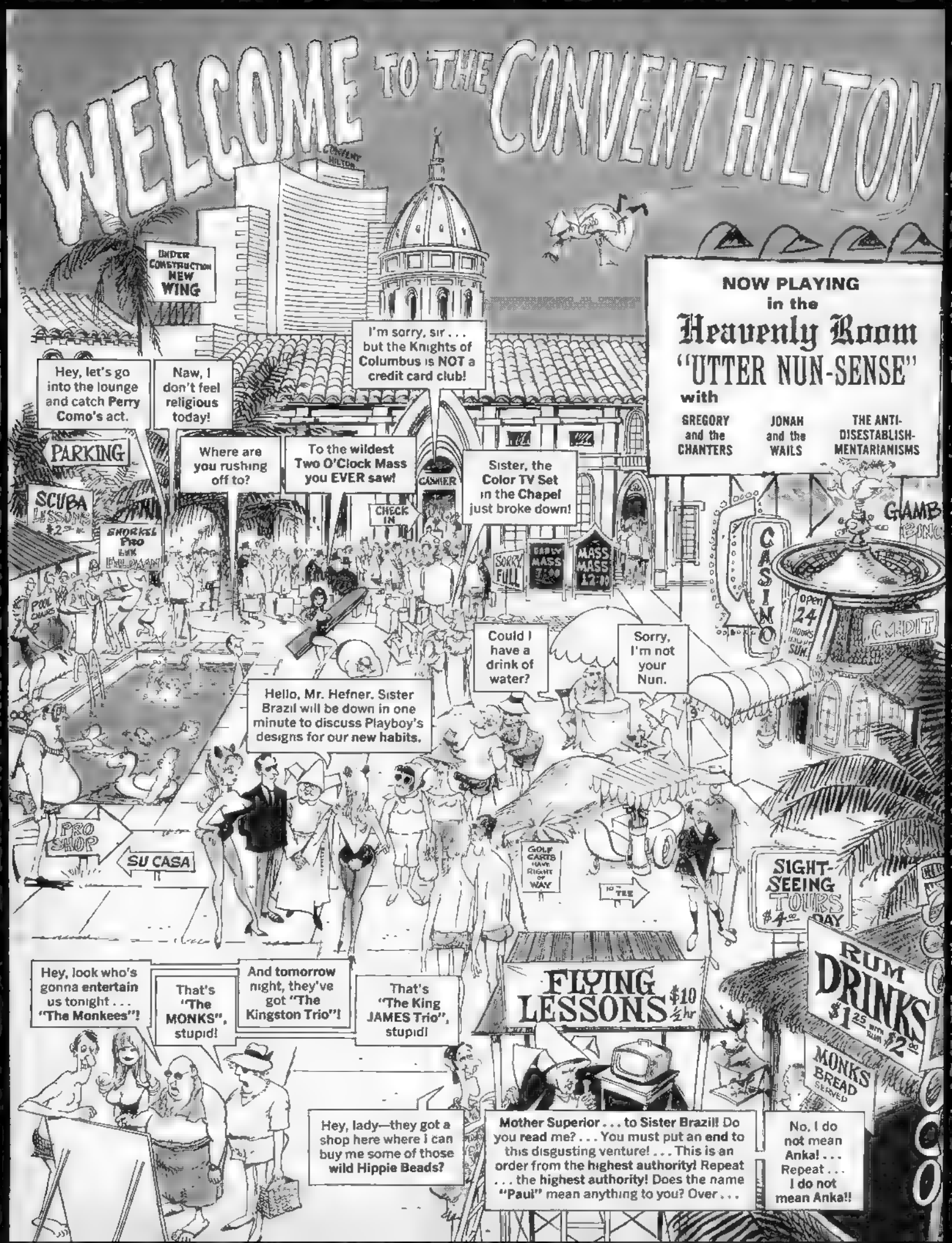
Hello? . . . You have my call to Jules Podell at the "Copacabana" in New York? Oh, good. Put him on.
Hello, Julie, baby? Listen, sweetie, who's headlining at your place right now? . . . "The Mamas and The Papas"?! Just what I thought! Are you ready, Julie, doll?
I've got the greatest follow-up act for you! . . . "The Sisters and the Brothers . . . Two swinging Nuns and Two Monks, yeah!
What do you mean you're not interested!? Listen, Julie . . .

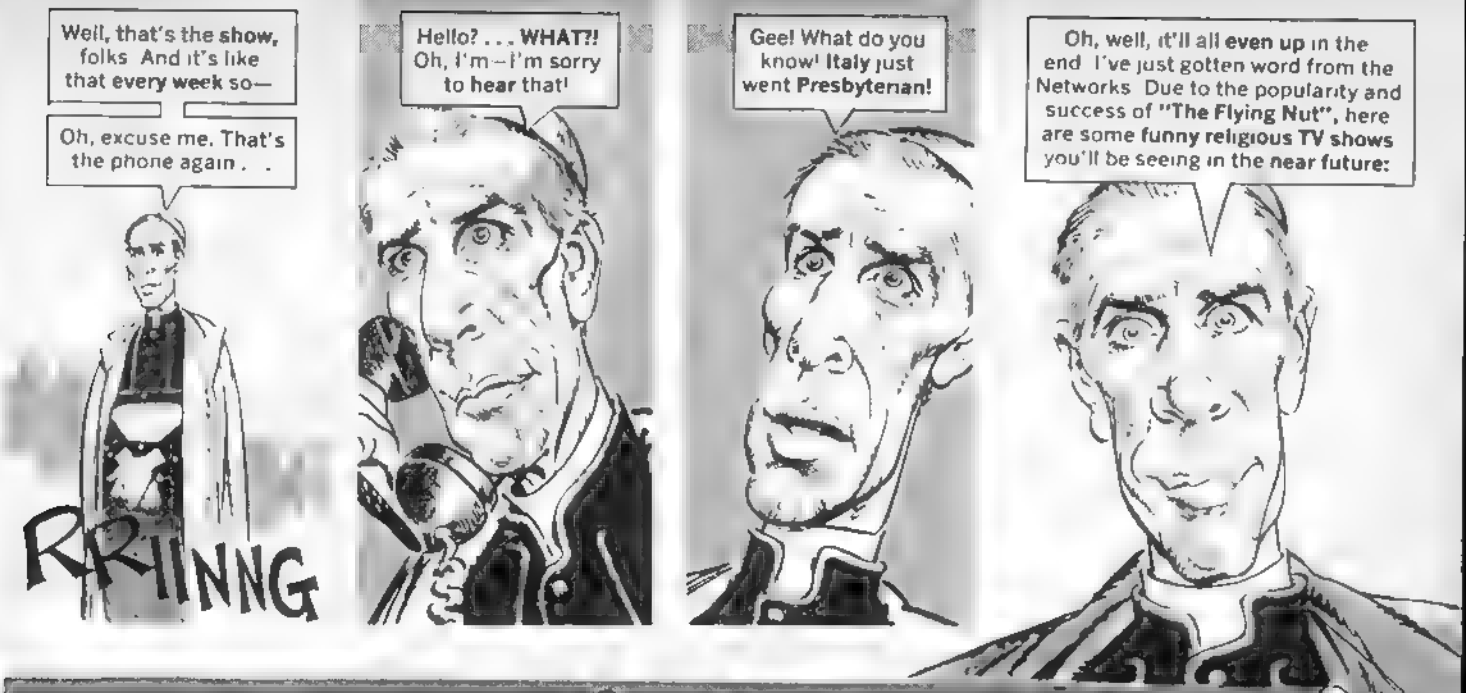

Nice try, Sister Brazil, but I'm afraid that your money-making schemes have failed. It looks like we're going to lose our fun Convent!
Wait! Wait a minute . . . ! Fun Convent . . . ? A Fun Convent . . . ! Of course! BRAINSTORMS-VILLE!! Sisters, we are saved!!

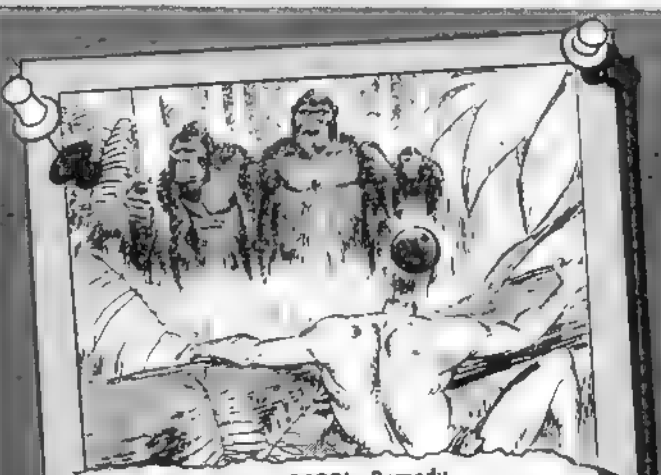

Well—heh-heh—the stories do tend to get a bit bizarre at times, and—
Oh, excuse me. The telephone again . . .
RIINN G

Hello? . . . What's that? As a devoutly religious man, YOU'RE embarrassed by the show, too?


That was Moshe Dayan . . . in Tel Aviv!
It was nice of you to pick me up in San Juan, Sister Carol. But I'm afraid I've failed. I didn't get the money we need, so it looks like the Convent is doomed.
No, Reverend Mother. The Convent is NOT doomed. It's SAVED! (Gulp) I think!


WELCOME TO THE CONVENT HILTON
CONVENT HILTON
UNDER CONSTRUCTION NEW WING
NOW PLAYING in the Heavenly Room "UTTER NUN-SENSE" with
GREGORY and the CHANTERS
JONAH and the WAILS
THE ANTI-DISESTABLISH-MENTARIANISMS
Hey, let's go into the lounge and catch Perry Como's act.
Naw, I don't feel religious today!
I'm sorry, sir . . . but the Knights of Columbus is NOT a credit card club!
PARKING
Where are you rushing off to?
To the wildest Two O'Clock Mass you EVER saw!
CASHIER
CHECK IN
Sister, the Color TV Set in the Chapel just broke down!
SCUBA LESSONS $2
SNORKEL PRO
SORRY FULL
EARLY MASS
MASS MASS 12:00
CASINO
GAMB
POOL CHARGE
Open 24 HOURS
CREDIT
Could I have a drink of water?
Sorry, I'm not your Nun.
Hello, Mr. Hefner. Sister Brazil will be down in one minute to discuss Playboy's designs for our new habits.
PRO SHOP
SU CASA
GOLF CARTS HAVE RIGHT OF WAY
TO TEE
SIGHT-SEEING TOURS $4.00 DAY
Hey, look who's gonna entertain us tonight . . . "The Monkees"!
That's "The MONKS", stupid!
And tomorrow night, they've got "The Kingston Trio"!
That's "The King JAMES Trio", stupid!
FLYING LESSONS $10 ½hr
RUM DRINKS $1.25 with Rum $2.00
MONKS BREAD SERVED
Hey, lady—they got a shop here where I can buy me some of those wild Hippie Beads?
Mother Superior . . . to Sister Brazil! Do you read me? . . . You must put an end to this disgusting venture! . . . This is an order from the highest authority! Repeat . . . the highest authority! Does the name "Paul" mean anything to you? Over . . .
No, I do not mean Anka! . . . Repeat . . . I do not mean Anka!!





8:00 7 **JUNGLE RABBI—Comedy**

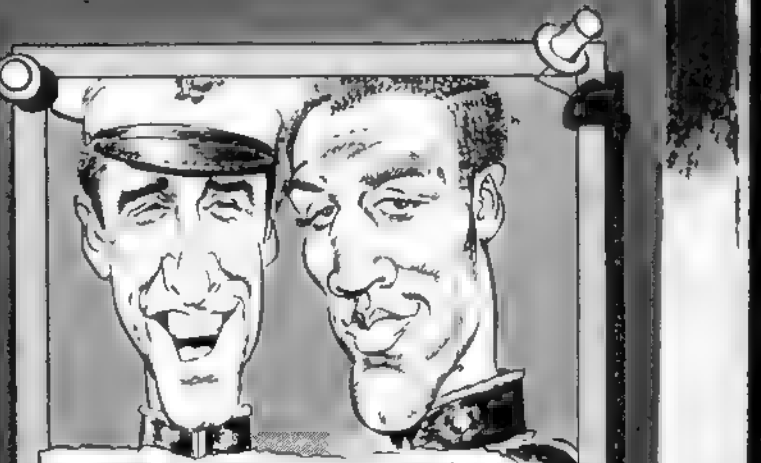
COLOR It's one laugh after another as our hero searches for ten Jewish apes to make up a prayer quorum. Jungle Rabbi: Tab Hunter. African Hadassah Chairlady: Thelma Ritter. Funny Cannibal: Jerry Van Dyke.

9 30 2 **FRONTIER BUDDHIST—Comedy**

COLOR Buddhist Marshal Tex Thong finds a hilarious way to protest a range war in Dodge City He sets fire to himself Tex Yul Brynner Wyatt Earp Jerry Van Dyke. Guest Buddhists Jack E. Leonard, Phil Silvers, and Richard Nixon.

10.00 4 **AMISH EYE—Comedy**

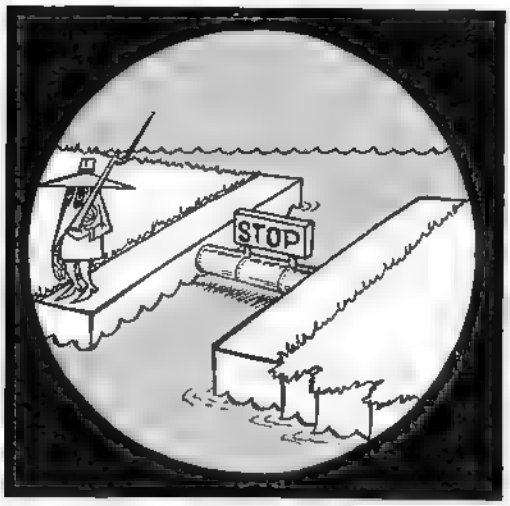
Simple living Amish private eye Hans Pfeffer and his simple living Amish fiancee, Helga, capture a ring of counterfeiters operating out of a Pennsylvania Dutch noodle factory. Hans Jerry Van Dyke. Helga Zsa Zsa Gabor



9:00 2 **MY THREE MUSLIMS—Comedy**

COLOR When Willie, the oldest boy of the "X" family, is drafted into the Marine Corps, he gets into a hilarious racial fight with Gomer Pyle. Willie: Bill Cosby. Gomer: Jim Nabors. Secretary of Defense: Jerry Van Dyke.

EMBASSY MAIL
TOP SECRET
SPY vs SPY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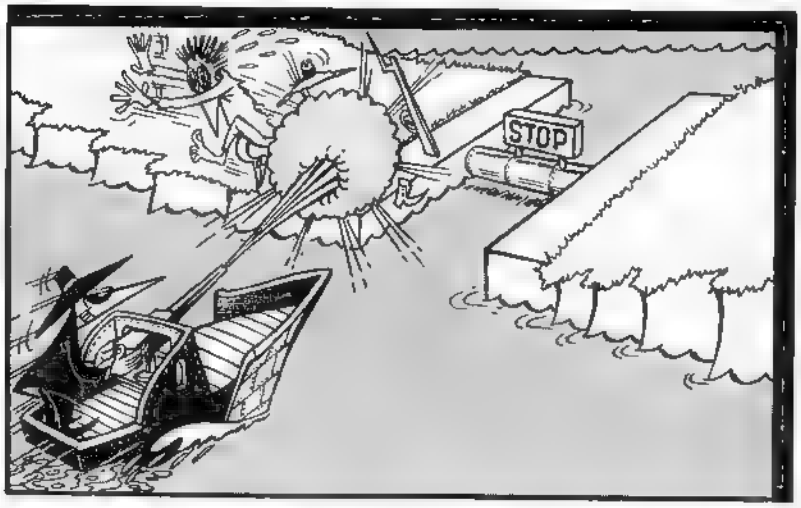
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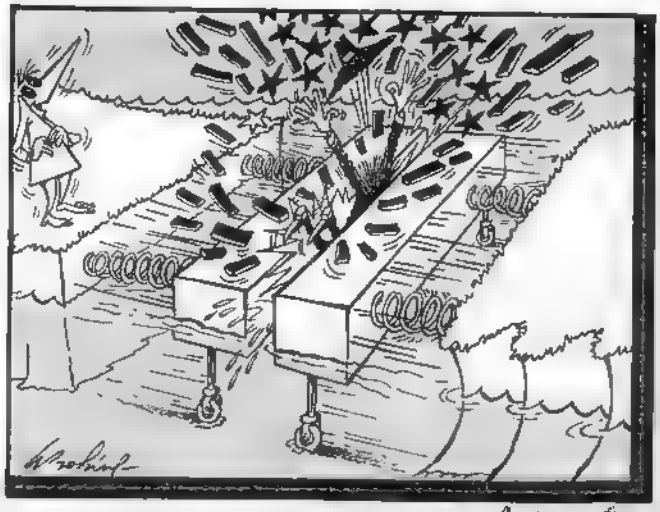

Nothing to see here!

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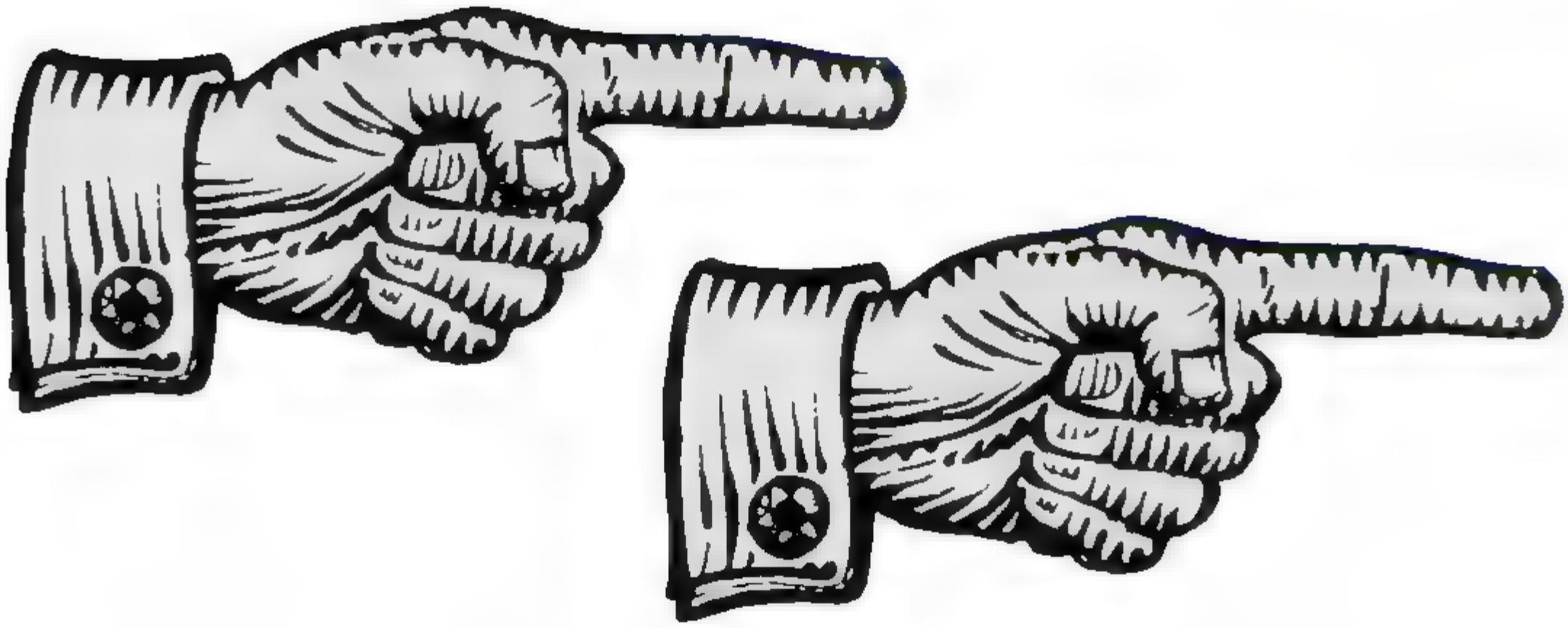


THE FANTABULOUS CHIMPS

OCT $25.00

SIK-TEEN MAGAZINE

1,027 FAB PHOTOS

WIN
- FREE LOCKS OF THEIR HAIR
- FREE VIALS OF THEIR SWEAT
- A FEW OF THEIR USED BAND-AIDS

THE CHIMPS TELL ALL:

- MIKE Tells Of His Childhood
- MICKY Tells Of His Family
- PETER Tells Of His Dreams
- DAVY Confesses To A Murder

5000 SUPER-GLAM COLOR PIN-UPS OF:

MARK • MICK • MIKE • DINO • DESI • DOPEY
DOC • GRUMPY • SNEEZY • JON • JAY • MOISHE
THE RAGMEN • THE ROACHES • THE CESSPOOLS

WIN A DATE WITH THE BEAGLES

PUNCH THEM! PUNCH THEM! SMELL THEIR CLOTHES! BLOODY THEIR LIPS!

THE CHIMPS TELL EVEN MORE:

- MIKE Tells Of His Old Age
- PETER Tells Of His Older Age
- MICKY Tells Of His Death
- DAVY Tells Of His Resurrection

A Night At Home With BEN GAZZARA

I know he doesn't belong in a Teenage Mag, but your Editor is crazy about him!

THE CHIMPS PERFORM FAB BODY FUNCTIONS

MICKY EATS • PETER DRINKS • DAVY SLEEPS
MIKE BURPS • AND MANY, MANY SURPRISES!

68 ZAP PAGES

- Kiss The Print!
- Lick The Pictures!
- Chew The Staples!

RINGO
GRINGO'S
EYE
NO. 16
in a series of 25
COLLECT THE ENTIRE
SERIES AND YOU'VE
GOT AN EXCLUSIVE
"SIX-TEEN"
Giant Color Pin-Up
NEXT ISSUE: No. 17
RINGO'S OTHER EYE

HEY, ALL YOU SWINGIN' SIK-TEENS! HERE'S A

FAB NEW CONTEST!

IT'S EXCITING! IT'S GROOVY! IT'S FUN! IT'S PROFITABLE!

CREATE YOUR OWN SINGING GROUP!

Upset because all the boys on your block are leaving forever to become overnight singing sensations? Jealous because of the fantastic financial success of **Dick Clark, Murray The K,** and other star-makers? Do you want IN, too? Here's your CHANCE!

SIK-TEEN Magazine found the four unknown boys above lying unconscious in a cellar in Newark, N.J. Look at them! Aren't they absolutely hopeless-looking? Believe us when we say they can't do **ANYTHING!** Wouldn't **YOU** like to mold them into a super-smash singing group? Of course you would! And you **CAN!**

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU WIN THIS FANTABULOUS GROUP!

You own them! You name them! You feed them! You clothe them! You cuddle them! You mother them! You kiss them! You control their hair! You watch them grow! You teach them to sing! You teach them to speak English (This is optional)! You create a TV series for them! You turn them loose on humanity! And best of all, you collect fab royalties and percentages from them!

EASY? YOU BET! FUN? AND HOW! THEY'RE ALL YOURS—READY MADE! AND BELIEVE US, THEY'RE MUCH MORE FUN THAN PLAYING WITH DOLLS!

So fill out the coupon! Enter this great contest today!

SIK-TEEN "SVENGALI" CONTEST

Yes, I am interested in details on how I can own these four unknown, unprofessional, untalented boys so that I can turn them into four FAMOUS unprofessional, untalented singers! I enclose a $5.00 bill, which I never expect to see again!

PLEASE PRINT

Name..... Age....

Address.....

City.....Zip-Code. ...State....

Mail Coupon to:

"WHITE SLAVERY EDITOR"
SIK-TEEN MAGAZINE NEW YORK, N.Y.

YOU'RE *BUGGING* ME!

Johnny Flush & The Commodes

Hank & The Hernias

Nero & The Arsonists

K-K-Kay & The Klansmen

FROM GLORY OSKY

As the Editor of this magazine, I want to assure every one of you who writes me here at SIK-TEEN that your letter is delivered to me *personally*. I want to assure you too that I *personally* open every letter I receive. And I want to assure you that I *personally* tear up every letter that doesn't have money in it. Here are some letters that *did* have money in them:

COLOR BIND

Dear Miss Osky,

I've been a reader of SIK-TEEN for years and I was wondering about something. How come I never see any pix or features on Negroes in your mag?

Yetta Grebbs

Bar Harbor, Maine

• *Dear Yetta,*

I am by nature a very tolerant and liberal person. And I am the first to admit that the Negro has been making enormous strides over the past decade in business, education, and science. I will be delighted to feature Negroes in the mag as soon as they make a name for themselves in the area of music (jazz, rhythm and blues, etc.).

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

Dear Miss Osky,

I understand that you know for a fact that James Dean is definitely alive. Who gave you this information?

Jo-Anne Gurg

Waco, Texas

• *Dear Jo-Anne,*

Brian Epstein just told me.

ANGRY READER

Dear Miss Osky,

I've written you 20 times in the past two months asking you where I can get pix of that fab new sound I've been reading about in the papers. How come you never answer?

Nan Plutz

New Orleans, Louisiana

• *Dear Nan,*

I haven't forgotten you. It's just that after considerable research I've discovered that HO CHI MINH AND THE VIET-CONG are not a singing group.

DYING TO KNOW

Dear Miss Osky,

How long has SALLY FLIP, who plays "The Swinging Nun" on TV, been smiling without stopping? Please reply quickly as my house is in the process of being washed away in a flood.

Lynne Erttz

Formerly of Moline, Illinois
Now approaching Terre Haute, Indiana

• *Dear Lynne,*

To my knowledge adorable SALLY FLIP has only stopped smiling once in the past 18 years. When she fell off a mountain in 1954. Incidentally, as long as you're still afloat, for two dollars you can have a copy of our fab new book, "TEENAGE LOVE TIPS DURING REGIONAL DISASTERS." (See Ad on page 61)

VAN GOGH-GO

Dear Miss Osky,

I go ape over VINNY VAN GOGH AND THE IMPRESSIONISTS. I mean they wipe me out. What's their phone number so I can call them up.

Kathy Bungg

Miami, Florida

• *Dear Kathy*

Ever since their latest gimmick, VINNY VAN GOGH AND THE IMPRESSIONISTS are not answering the phone anymore. As you probably heard, they recently cut off their ears.

THIS FAN DIGS

Dear Miss Osky,

I'm a great fan of THE CHIMPS and I have 43,000 pix of them. But somehow I still don't feel as if I know the *real* CHIMPS. I mean, what's below the surface? I mean, what's buried down deep inside? Who can I write to for their X-Ray plates?

Karen Klugg

Duluth, Minn.

• *Dear Karen,*

Write to their swinging teenage physicians, DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE I PRESUMES, c/o William Morris Agency, Beverly Hills, California.

BEWILDERED

Dear Miss Osky,

I just heard a terrible rumor that the fantabulously glintzy singer KEVIN HERKER is really bald and wears a toupee. Is this true?

Lucy Yuck

Memphis, Tenn.

• *Dear Lucy,*

It is false. While KEVIN is bald, he does not wear a toupee. He has 27-inch long eyebrows.

BUY-LINES

Dear Miss Osky,

I was thrilled to pieces with the "TEENAGE LOVE BOOK" you sold me for two dollars and the pin-ups of THE CHIMPS you sold me for three dollars and the CHIMP T-SHIRTS you sold me for four dollars, and the used toe-nail clippings of THE CHIMPS, which you sold me for a dollar apiece. It was worth stealing to get all the money to buy those hings. But what do I do now?

Linda Veeble

Girl's Reformatory
Racine, Wisconsin

• *Dear Linda,*

You're in luck. With whatever money you can save from making license plates or whatever you do in that place, you can send away for the new SIK-TEEN book, "BEAUTY TIPS FOR TEENAGE CONS." (See Ad on page 39)

Here we are, four completely unknown gas station employees in Mineola, N. Y., being discovered by show biz agent Monty Mulct.

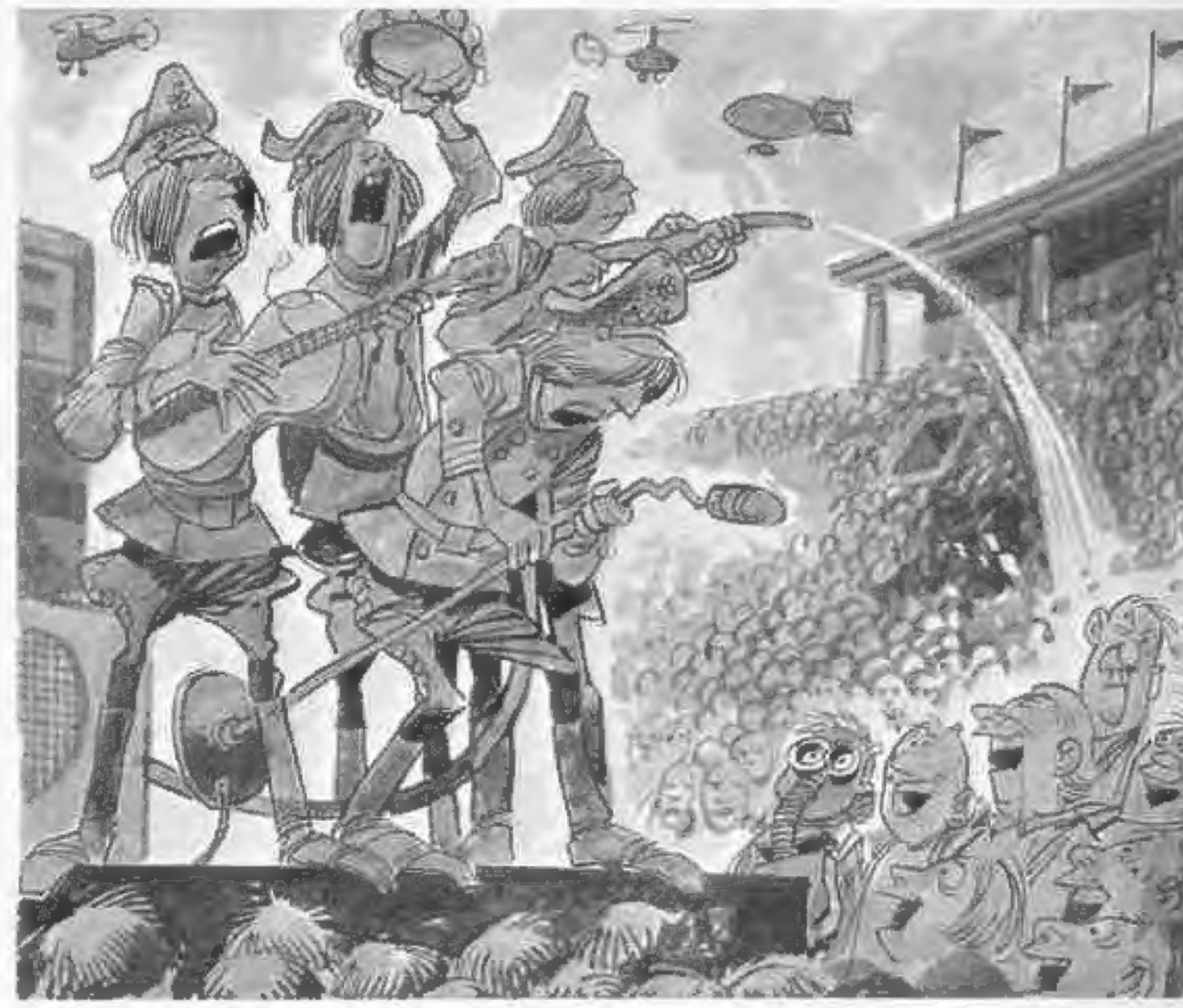
"OUR FAB SINGING CAREER IN PIX"

GINO and The GASSERS

Here we are in Monty's office with a new name (**Gino And The Gassers**), a new contract, new clothes and the same old hair.

This is us making our first recording. As soon as we finish the disk, we plan to buy song sheets and find out what the lyrics were.

With our first platter selling over 10 million copies an hour, we give a fantastic concert that starts at the Los Angeles Coliseum and overflows into Soldiers Field, Chicago.



Six million screaming fans saw us off at L. A. But when we arrive in New York, we see nobody at the airport. Monty tells us we've had it. So we hop into our special limousine which whisks us off to . . .

. . . the old gas station in Mineola, N. Y. Oh well, it was great fun while it lasted. What an experience! What a career! **What a day!!**

HEY, SIK-TEENS, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WIN...

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE THINGS YOU CAN WIN THIS MONTH:

A PAIR OF PERSONALLY INITIALED ADENOIDS FROM DAVY JONAH'S THROAT

TWO TWENTY-YEAR MOLARS FROM THE MOUTH OF 18-YEAR-OLD JON PROVALONE

A PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED BAG OF DIZI JR.'S BELLY-BUTTON LINT

A POINTY MOUND OF WAX FROM LEONARD NIMMOY'S RIGHT EAR

A MONOGRAMMED BASKET OF MARK'S DIRTY LAUNDRY

YOUR VERY OWN BABY FROM JOHNNY STUD

A TRIP TO HEAVENSVILLE

What is Heavensville? Chickadee, Heavensville is that place way up yonder where dreams come true! Where a glintzy SIK-TEENer can press to her heart some token, some souvenir, some tiny little memento belonging to one of her idols. It could be any small thing . . . like the nail of his right pinky, or his left eyelash, or a vial of his blood.

So here's your chance, all you groovy SIK-TEEN gals! Here's your chance to win something *personal* that *belongs* to one of your favorite recording stars. All you have to do is: Write down *what* you want, and *who* you want it from, on a piece of paper. Then send that piece of paper to me . . .

GLORY OSKY
c/o "HEAVENSVILLE",
SIK-TEEN MAGAZINE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

. . . along with a *ten dollar bill* to cover the costs (of my new *Jag*), and your old Editor will see about wheedling what you want out of your idol.

As you know, I never fail. Ask ANITA FLOMM, of Bronxville, N. Y., who is now the proud possessor of the right kneecap of pop singing star, Dino Dyno—or, as our fun-loving gang here at SIK-TEEN call him—*"Gimpy"!*

PAUL FABB

ANSWERS 20 NOSEY QUESTIONS

Here are the Questions you've been dying to ask the Georgeous, Kissable Recording Star!

What is your pet peeve?

I hate it when people who are jealous of my success accuse me of being too self-important and acting like God or something. I am not like that at all.

Where were you born?

In Pennsylvania. In a little town called Bethlehem. In a manger.

Describe yourself.

I am six feet and 175 pounds of solid, rippling muscle. I have brown, wavy hair, blue, psychedelic eyes, and when I smile, the corners of my mouth crinkle boyishly and my entire body radiates excitement, health, and fantastic virility.

What do you think is your strongest personality trait?

My humility.

What do you consider to be the most catastrophic day of the 20th Century?

November 22, 1963.

A lot of people feel the same way.

I really appreciate it. That was the day I lost my comb.

Speaking of combs, when did you take your last haircut?

In the Summer of 1953.

When did you take your last bath?

In the Spring of 1952.

What do you admire most in a person?

Neatness.

Did you study singing in school?

No, they wouldn't let me sing in school.

You were a listener?

They wouldn't let me listen either.

How did this experience affect your career as a pop singer?

Very well. I don't bring any bad habits into my music. Like rhythm, melody, harmony, and the rest of that junk.

How much money do you earn?

A million dollars a week.

Has your life changed much since you became successful?

Not at all. I always made a million dollars a week.

Always?

Yeah, I had this crazy allowance set-up at home.

How do you relax?

I like to sit around naked and count my money.

Now that you made it big, what kind of home did you set up for the people you owe so much to—your parents?

Who?

What is most important when you meet a girl—her looks or her personality?

Oh her personality, definitely. While I like a girl to be attractive, I don't think attractiveness always expresses itself in physical beauty. Even a girl who doesn't have what might be considered outstanding features can be attractive if she has enthusiasm and warmth and if she radiates a kind of inner attractiveness from her soul.

What do you enjoy doing most on a date?

Making out.

What do you consider to be the most thrilling moment in your fantabulous show business career?

The time this girl with loads of personality walked into my dressing room, locked the door, and took off all of her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

GO GO'S GOSSIP

GO—GOINGS—ON WITH YOUR FAVES FROM COAST-TO-COAST!

Eugene & The Eunuchs

JEFF BAGG's hot single, *"Blow My Gut!"*, which he recorded during an attack of air sickness aboard an Astrojet, just passed the 19,000,000 sales mark. It's Grrr-Wow! . . . Send a cheer-up note to TOMMY KINK, *"Mr. Teenage America of 1968"*. He's at Mt. Sinai Hospital dying of acid poisoning . . . SALLY FLIP, TV's adorable *"Swinging Nun"*, gets canonized in a hilarious upcoming episode of the series entitled, *"The Silly Saint"* . . . Zapp Records new fave rave TIMMY ZUCCHINI is marrying his childhood sweetheart, TESSIE GORK (Eight-year-old TIMMY met her yesterday!) . . . And speaking of glitzy-glam young singers, rumorsville has it that NINNY AND THE NURSERIES will go into semi-retirement soon in order to find a new A&R man, to work on new arrangements, and to teethe . . . Meanwhile, watch for an even younger and groovier group, BENJY AND THE FOETUSES. They say their new tune, *"Cryin' On The Inside"*, is a supersmash. It's expected to come out when they do.

Murray De Sade & The Flagellants

●

Singers DINO MARTIN, JR., DESI ARNAZ, JR., and FRANK SINATRA, JR., will be among those attending the funeral of LANCE BOYLE, JR. The teenager was killed by his famous showbiz father on Thursday when he announced to his Dad that he was planning to become an Accountant.

SIGHTS AROUND TOWN: HERBIE PLOTTZ AND THE STIFFS (Their fab platter, "Teenage Shtunk", just passed the one billion mark!) shopping for Nova Scotia. Not the salmon—the Province . . . Plans for THE CHIMPS over the next year include three albums, 14 singles, a new TV show, eight films, a speech before the UN General Assembly, and completely reorganizing the Greek Orthodox Church . . . I hear the Teamsters Union just issued an order forbidding all truck drivers from listening to SUNNY CLYDE's new smash 45, "Teenage Pad". The lyrics are too dirty.

Sorry to hear about the cancellation of the football game between HOLLYWOOD HIGH and ANAHEIM TECH. As luck would have it, the players on both teams and the 15,000 students at both schools were all cutting records that Saturday . . . And finally, in answer to all those letters we've been receiving, let me clarify one of last month's items. THE ELECTRIC CHAIR which pop singer cop-killer FELIX GORGOL went to last week is NOT a discotheque.

Itchy & The Lepers

The Bubbas & The Zaydas

Sam & The Psychos